# THE EXAMINER.

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*If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.*—DE FOE.


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## POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

At last the secret of the publication of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff "*Projet de Memorandum*" has come out. A certain Mr. Charles Marvin, of Burrage-road, Plumstead, a "writer" or supernumerary clerk in the Foreign Office at the rate of 10d. the hour, is charged with having had the interesting document in question entrusted to him for the purpose of making a clean copy of it, and with having stolen its contents and sold them to the *Globe* for forty guineas. Mr. Marvin has been brought up at Bow-street, upon a charge of larcency, and Mr. Poland, who appeared for the prosecution on behalf of the Crown, stated that "the offence of stealing and publishing a document of this nature while negotiations were going on with other European Powers was obviously one of the gravest kind, and the 30th section of the Act under which these proceedings were taken made the act one of simple larceny, for which a punishment of five years' penal servitude, or two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, could be imposed."

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The 30th section of the Act in question, the Act to Consolidate and Amend the Statute Law of England and Ireland relating to Larceny and other similar offences (24 and 25 Vic., c. 96, s. 30), runs thus:—"Whosoever shall steal, or shall for any fraudulent purpose take from its place of deposit for the time being, or from any person having the lawful custody thereof, or shall unlawfully and maliciously cancel, obliterate, injure, or destroy the whole or any part of any record, writ, return, panel, process, interrogatory, deposition, affidavit, rule, order, or warrant of attorney, or of any original document whatsoever of or belonging to any court of record, or relating to any matter, civil or criminal, begun, depending, or terminated in any such court, or of any bill, petition, answer, interrogatory, deposition, affidavit, order, or decree, or of any original document whatsoever of or belonging to any court of equity, or relating to any cause or matter begun, depending or terminated in any such court, or of any original document in anywise relating to the business of any office or employment under Her Majesty, and being or remaining in any office appertaining to any court of justice, or in any of Her Majesty's castles, palaces, or houses, or in any Government or public office, shall be guilty of felony, and being convicted thereof shall be liable, at the discretion of the court, to be kept in penal servitude for the term of three years, or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour, and with or without solitary confinement; and it shall not in any indictment for such offence be necessary to allege that the article in respect of which the offence is committed is the property of any person."

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It seems, however, to us, with all submission to the better judgment of Mr. Poland, than whom there is not an abler criminal lawyer in England, that—even assuming the facts alleged against him to be correct—Mr. Marvin is guilty of no "larceny" in the eye of the law. Larceny must be of a physical something—a something possessed of bulk, extension, and tangibility, and consequently capable of "asportation" or "carrying away." If this be so, a man clearly does not commit larceny by making a transcript in his own pocket-book of a document given him to copy, any more than he would if he were to listen at a keyhole, overhear a secret, and make money by retailing it. That Mr. Marvin has committed a very serious breach of trust is clear enough. Whether it is one that brings him within the grasp of the criminal law is entirely another question. It is an offence of which, rightly or wrongly, the English law does not seem to have taken cognisance. It would be punishable, no doubt, as conspiracy, if two or more persons were concerned in it; but, in the present case, it is obviously extremely difficult to prove anything like a conspiracy between Mr. Marvin himself, on the one hand, and the people who purchased his intelligence from him, on the other.

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Mr. Poland further went on to say that it "would be idle to deny that other persons ought to be by the side of the prisoner in the dock." "It was one thing," said the learned counsel, "for a man in a menial position to be tempted by a money bribe to betray his trust, but far greater was the offence of the person who prompted him to the commission of the offence, and, if any further inquiry into this matter could bring it home to the actual purchaser of this secret document, there would be no hesitation on the part of the Crown to take proceedings against him." This is all very well; but the persons really culpable are not newspaper proprietors, who buy intelligence in the open market wherever they can get it, but rather officials in high office, who entrust a State document involving the peace of Europe to a mere copying clerk paid at the rate of tenpence an hour, but yet with quite sufficient intelligence and *savoir faire* to know the value of what he is transcribing. The news market is—to borrow a legal phrase—market overt. An editor buys his news from any comer, gives what he thinks fit for it, and publishes it at his own risk. As news cannot be matter of larceny, he is quite justified in acting as he does. It would be another matter, of course, if he bribed a Government official

to betray State secrets. Then he would clearly be guilty of conspiracy—a crime always extremely difficult of proof.

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It will be curious to see, now that the bubble is pricked at last, what the other daily papers will have to say about the matter. On the morning after the appearance of the memorandum in the evening *Globe*, *The Times* and *Telegraph* were especially dignified and mysterious. Each intimated in its most oracular and roundabout manner that the contents of the despatch had for some time past been no secret to it, but that a sense of duty and honour had prevented it from making formal use of them. *The Times* referred to its leaders of the week before, and humbly begged its readers to consider them, and ask themselves whether they could possibly have been written by anyone unfamiliar with the contents of this memorable document. The *Daily Telegraph*, in a less precise and business-like manner, shook its head mournfully, and intimated that it had known the whole thing all along, and, when the time came, would be able to give an appropriate explanation. Now, is it true, as a matter of fact, that *The Times* and *Telegraph*, as they pretended on the morning of the 15th inst., had actually been for some days in possession of the memorandum in question? Will they boldly answer this question one way or the other, and, if they actually had the document brought to their knowledge, will they say from whom they got it? If not, it is tolerably clear that they had the wind taken out of their sails by a small, and from their point of view, insignificant rival, and that their subsequent assumptions of omniscience were bluster of the true Uncle Pumblechook type.

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In spite of the prognostications of prophets, wise after the event, and the sapient *dicta* of special correspondents, who have leaped to the conclusion that the settlement of the boundaries of Bulgaria disposes finally of the Eastern Question, Austria is still making her preparations. It would be as interesting to know, as it would be impossible to learn from the special correspondents aforesaid, why the mobilisation of six divisions of the Austrian army should have been ordered. The fact is that Count Andrassy's policy is scarcely likely to be divulged, even to correspondents, and must be judged of by the course of events. It is evident that the Austrian Minister is inclined to leave little to the probabilities of Congress meeting his views, and that he believes that to be strong is Austria's best chance of securing attention to her requirements. Consequently three divisions of the army have been ordered to strategic points, commanding the most important of the Roumanian passes, whilst the reserve has been massed at Hermanstadt. In the Banat there are forty thousand men quartered. In artillery the mobilised troops are especially strong, though the cavalry are only represented by a few regiments. Altogether it is said that Austria has about 140,000 men under arms, and, as demonstrations are the order of the day, it is only to be hoped that the present movement is simply a demonstration.

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As far as the raising of the Eurydice is concerned, the British public still lives upon hope, and, to judge from the official statement in the House of Commons, hope must continue to go a long way. The First Lord of the Admiralty, in reply to a question from Mr. Baillie Cochrane on Monday, stated that there was "still every hope" that the Eurydice would be raised. In reply to Captain Pim, he added that he had no present intention of inviting tenders for the raising of the vessel from parties outside the Admiralty; and, in answer to further questions from Mr. D. Jenkins, he stated that a court martial had been ordered to assemble to inquire into the loss of the ship, and had only been deferred in the hope of getting some valuable information as to the condition of the vessel before she sank. Why it should be thought necessary to hold a court-martial upon the cause or causes of the loss of the ship preparatory to raising it is impossible for any one unacquainted with naval routine and the exigencies of the service to say. To an outsider it would seem that the chief point would be to raise a presumably fine frigate, which in the meantime is rotting away. Would not the condition of the ship before she sank be more easily ascertained by raising her, or do the officers composing the court-martial possess special facilities for seeing through an aqueous medium of several fathoms in depth?

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There can be no doubt that those writers who propose to dispense with the process of shoeing horses have a good deal of reason upon their side. It is an indubitable fact that many thousands of horses and ponies are ridden and driven over all sorts of ground without shoes to their feet. Much depends upon habit, and much more upon the nature of the soil where they are bred. Those, however, who advocate the adoption of the unshod system in London must surely have forgotten what manner of pavements ours are. In one quarter we find wood, in another asphalte, in a third granite, in a fourth the roads are metalled. But, even if a horse's hoofs could become accustomed to all these, it is still an important question whether there is any necessity for maintaining four different kinds of pavement. The necessity appears to us only to exist in the limited understanding of the various Vestry Boards. We want less centralization, and more common sense. Sufficient time has elapsed to enable the most obtuse official to determine for himself the comparative merits of the different kinds of roadway, and unanimity, though it is, doubtless, much to expect from Bumbledom, is a concession which the outraged public and the much-enduring equine race cannot much longer be denied.

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The question of expense has recently been raised in connection with the custom of holding annual regimental dinners. At first sight it would seem that, as the dinner only occurs once a year, grumbling on the score of the price is a little out of place. The opportunity of meeting brother officers and the pleasure of talking over regimental affairs, of hearing of the well-being of old comrades, ought, we are told, to compensate for the cost of the entertainment. And no doubt these privileges do so, or the regimental dinner system would die a natural death. On the other hand, the grumblers have some reason upon their side. If it were impossible to meet old friends without the intervention of the annual dinner, they would not complain. But they must have many opportunities of doing this at one of the military clubs. Nor do they attend the dinner for the purpose of eating alone, but rather to keep up their knowledge of the old corps and the old acquaintances. The extortionate price which is charged for the dinner, however, seems to defeat the object for which it was instituted. It is absurd to suppose that a body of gentlemen cannot meet together to dine now-a-days at a less cost than three guineas a head. The system is objected to by all men who dislike ostentation and needless extravagance. There is not the slightest reason that officers of any particular regiment should not spend, not three only but five or ten guineas each, in dining if it is their pleasure to do so. But the regimental dinner should aim at being what it professes to be, an excuse for old comrades to meet.

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## THE PROSPECT OF A DISSOLUTION.

A report is current to the purpose that the Government intend to dissolve Parliament at the close of next month, and to have elections held during the autumn. The report rests, in as far as we can learn, on little more than antecedent probabilities. It is said that if the elections should be held immediately after the Government have obtained a diplomatic triumph at the Congress the supporters of the Ministry would be placed at a great advantage, and that the Conservatives might thus be certain of obtaining a majority which would secure them another six years of office. On the other hand, there is absolutely no reason why the country should, at this moment, be put to the trouble and the cost of a general election. The present Parliament has at least two full years to run, and the Ministerial majority is so large that an addition of twenty or thirty votes to its numbers would

be rather an inconvenience than otherwise. If, therefore, the Ministry should be determined to make an immediate appeal to the country, their determination must be due to a conviction, whether well or ill-founded, that, when the term of the existing House of Commons expires by course of nature, they are by no means certain of obtaining a working majority. In other words, a dissolution at the present moment is, of necessity, a confession on the part of the Ministry of distrust in the permanence of their popularity with the constituencies. We are not prepared to say that this distrust is not justified; but, at the same time, we extremely doubt the cogency of the reasons on the strength of which the policy of an immediate dissolution is supposed to have commended itself to Her Majesty's Ministers. Neither Lord Beaconsfield nor his colleagues are devoid of practical sagacity; and, though it may suit the tactics of the Ministry to boast of the extraordinary prestige which they are likely to secure by their supposed success at Berlin, they can hardly have any great faith in the influence which any prestige of this kind is likely to produce upon the constituencies. After all, events are estimated in the long-run at their true value, and, for our own part, we are unable to see how, even upon the most favourable supposition, the result of the Congress can be represented as a signal triumph of British diplomacy. If, indeed, the Congress should fail to arrive at any compromise, and if the Government should appeal to the country to support them in obtaining by force what they have failed to obtain by argument, then we fully admit their appeal would have a great chance of meeting with a favourable answer. Irrational and impolitic as we ourselves hold a war with Russia to be, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that such a war would enlist in its behalf numerous and powerful sympathies. The martial instincts of a warlike nation, the susceptibilities of patriotic pride, and the just distrust of Russian aggression, would all combine to secure for the Government a large amount of popular adhesion irrespective of party proclivities.

The assumption, however, on which the hypothesis of an early dissolution rests is that the country is to be appealed to, not to sanction a war, but to express its approval of a peace. There can be no question that, though the sympathies of the country might easily have been enlisted in behalf of war, yet its deliberate judgment is in favour of peace. In as far, therefore, as the Government have succeeded in bringing about a pacific solution of the Anglo-Russian difficulty, they will have a just claim on popular gratitude. At the same time, public opinion is not likely to be blind to the plain fact that the danger of war, however real it may have been, was due to the action of the Ministry, and that therefore they are entitled to no special credit for having averted a peril which they themselves were mainly instrumental in creating. If the Government are to carry the country with them in virtue of their triumph at Berlin, they must be able to induce a belief that they have not only secured peace by their policy, but have obtained such terms of peace as could not have been secured without the risk of war. It is not easy to understand the grounds on which this belief is to be established. When all is said and done, the Russians will remain in possession of Bessarabia, Batoum, and Kars—that is, of all the territory to which they obtained a title by the Treaty of San Stefano. It seems certain, too, that any concessions made to Greece will not be of a kind to counterbalance the advantages secured by Russia for the Sclavs. Indeed, the chief, if not the sole achievement of our diplomacy will consist in having obtained permission for the Turks to fortify the lines of the Balkans, and thereby to prolong their possession of their remaining European provinces. Whether this arrangement is or is not the best that could have been made is not the question we are now discussing. What we wish to point out is that such an arrangement, whether wise or unwise, cannot well be represented as constituting a great triumph for England. Moreover, even granting that the attitude assumed by our Government has contributed materially to modify the success of Russia, and has in consequence raised the reputation of England on the Continent, we doubt extremely how far a triumph of this kind is calculated to produce any great effect at home. It is only upon very broad and intelligible issues that foreign questions excite any keen interest amidst the great masses of Englishmen. Both for good and bad, our people are too self-contained to care or understand much about the opinion that may be held of England in foreign lands. So long as the interests and honour of the country are not directly assailed, the fact of our enjoying a little more or a little less prestige abroad is a matter of supreme indifference to the vast majority of Englishmen.

If, therefore, the Ministry purpose going to the country, they will be ill-advised if they rely mainly on the cry that their policy has achieved a success for our diplomacy. Granting that the cry is true, and what is more, is accepted as true, it is still one out of which it is difficult to make political capital. Human nature being what it is, the most glorious of bloodless victories never produces anything like the same effect on popular imagination as an actual battle. And, in as far as our recollection goes, though many Governments have been maintained in power by a successful war, no Government has ever founded a long tenure of office on the fact of their having enabled the country to remain at peace. If, therefore, our pacific triumph at Berlin is to form the main article of the programme on the strength of which the Government proposes to demand the continuance of public confidence, the demand does not seem likely to meet with any enthusiastic response. On the other hand, before the elections can possibly he held, the magnitude of the sacrifices both in hard money, and still more in the depression of trade, which the country will have to pay as the price of our "spirited foreign policy," must inevitably have been brought home to the public mind. Illogical as it may be, the public is much more disposed to grudge an outlay incurred for diplomatic objects than for the purpose of war. The rough good sense of the country cannot fail to ask whether it was worth while to keep England on the verge of war for more than a year, to make any number of naval demonstrations, to call out our reserved forces, to fetch troops in hot haste from India, to add very materially to our national liabilities, and to allow the South of Europe to be desolated by a most cruel and needless war in order to secure for Turkey terms infinitely less favourable than those we might have obtained for her two years ago by the acceptance of the Berlin Memorandum. Putting party feeling aside, such a question can only be answered in the negative, and, unless we are mistaken, the verdict of popular opinion will be that our success at the Congress does not, at the best, amount to much, and has been purchased at a price out of all proportion to its intrinsic value. There are many considerations, arising chiefly out of the disorganised condition of the Opposition and the absence of any definite Liberal programme, which may lead the Government to think that the chances of the Conservative party would be better if a general election was held during the coming autumn rather than at a later period. But we should doubt any great prominence amidst these considerations being attached to a belief that the constituencies are likely to be materially influenced by any success which Her Majesty's Government can now hope to obtain at the Congress. The nation has been too much excited of late by warlike stimulants to have preserved much relish for the comparatively mild tonics of diplomatic triumphs.

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## TURKEY AFTER THE CONGRESS.

Whatever uncertainty there may still be as to the issue of the Congress, we now know the general outline of the scheme which England proposes for the settlement of the Eastern Question. In criticising this scheme, while, at the same time, we admit that its adoption is likely to secure the immediate object for which the Congress has met, we are guilty of no inconsistency. The policy pursued by our Government during the last two years has placed England in a position under which she was pledged either to go to war or to procure a fresh lease of life for Turkey. As we have held throughout that a war between England and Russia for the defence of Turkey, would be an act of suicidal folly, we deem it matter for sincere congratulation that

Russia has been induced to give her assent to the English proposals for the reconstitution of the Ottoman Empire, and, by so doing, has relieved England from all necessity of taking up arms. But the recognition of this fact does not forbid us to hold the opinion that the scheme in question is impolitic and inadequate for any permanent object. The aim and end of the policy of which we hear so much is the reconstruction of the Ottoman Empire on a basis as nearly approaching that which existed before the late war as circumstances will permit. This policy has not the merit of originality. It is simply a reverting to the old Palmerstonian traditions which, whether sound or unsound in themselves, applied to a state of things that has long since ceased to exist. In consequence, as we are assured, of the energy and firmness of British diplomacy, the new State of Bulgaria is to be restricted to the territory lying between the Danube and the Balkans, and Turkey is to be allowed to hold and fortify the passes of this mountain range, so as to provide her with a strong military frontier, and thus to enable her to prolong her existence as an independent European State. Now, we are not dealing, it should be remembered, with an unknown problem. Time after time Turkey has been matched alone against Russia, and has uniformly been defeated. In the case of a fresh war between the two Powers it is a matter of as absolute certainty as any future event can well be, that Turkey, if she is left to her own resources, would be unable to defend the line of the Balkans against a Russian advance. Either by force of numbers, by superior strategy, or by corruption, or by all three combined, Russia would once more carry the Turkish defences. If, therefore, we are asked to believe that Turkey has been provided with a valid bulwark against Russian aggression, it must be because we intend to assist Turkey in holding this bulwark. To speak plainly, the Balkan fortresses must be garrisoned by British forces, or else they are worthless as a means of defence. Admitting, however, as a matter of theory that Turkey has any chance of holding the fortresses for herself in time of war, it is worth while to consider what her real position will be in time of peace, supposing her to secure military possession of the Balkan passes. To understand this it is only necessary to look at the map. Henceforward Turkey will be bounded on the North by a belt of small independent states. Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and probably Bulgaria will cease to have any connection, either direct or indirect, with the Porte, and will rank as independent members of the European community. In addition to this, it seems well nigh certain that Bosnia and the Hertzegovina will be formed into a virtually independent State, under the protectorate of Austria.

No great foresight is required to predict the character of the future relations between these states and Turkey. The dominant sentiment of all the provinces which have been successively emancipated from the rule of Constantinople is one of hostility towards the Ottoman Power. No doubt, national animosities are not immortal when once the cause of their existence has been removed. It is not twenty years ago since the Tedeschi were the object of a popular antipathy in Italy, hardly falling short of that with which the Turk is regarded by the Sclav. And yet the new Kingdom of Italy is now prepared to enter into an alliance with Austria, not only on grounds of policy, but of popular sentiment. If, therefore, a powerful Sclavonic State had been established in the valley of the Danube, it is within the region of possibility that a common fear of Russia might have induced it at no distant period to make joint cause with Turkey. But, under the system by which the former provinces of Turkey are to be parcelled out amidst a number of small states, there is no likelihood of any one of these communities becoming strong enough to have an independent policy of its own. Russian influence must necessarily be paramount at Bucharest and Belgrade, Cettinge, and whatever may be the capital of the new Bulgaria. Moreover, the mutual jealousies and rivalries of these states would alone suffice to preclude any united action on their part. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro each hold themselves destined to play a part in the south-east of Europe similar to that played by Piedmont in the Italian Peninsula. Any power which aspires to such a position must of necessity put itself forward as the champion of the Christian populations still subject to Moslem rule, and therefore we may confidently anticipate that the new States will vie with each other in favouring and promoting any insurrectionary movement directed against the Government of Constantinople. The course of recent events, it is true, has not been such as to increase the confidence with which Russia is regarded south of the Danube. On the other hand, the active support of the Russian Government is essential to the fulfilment of the ambitions cherished alike by Serbs, Roumanians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, and we may take it for granted that they will bid against each other for the patronage of St. Petersburg. Bulgaria, in particular, is certain to be the nursery of every agitation hostile to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The Bulgarians south of the Balkans are identical in race, language, and creed with those whose homes are situated north of the mountain range. The presence of a long line of Turkish forts all along their frontiers cannot fail to be a source of continual annoyance to the Bulgarians, in the same way as the presence of an Ottoman garrison at Belgrade was resented as a personal injury by the Servians, from the moment that they acquired their independence. The more prosperous and the more civilised Bulgaria may become under an autonomous rule the more powerful will be the instinct which impels its citizens to covet the possession of the rich lands to the south, occupied by their own fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. Between the two parts of Bulgaria there must of necessity be a very close and constant communication. If the whole of the territory south of the Balkans had been given back unconditionally to Turkey, the case would have been different. As it is, however, the scheme of the Congress contemplates the creation of a semi-independent province, bearing the name of Eastern Roumelia. This province is to have some sort of government of its own under the guarantee of the European Powers. What the nature of this government is to be seems still undecided, but it is admitted that the Porte is not to be at liberty to keep garrisons in Eastern Roumelia except in the event of war or insurrection, and that it will not be permitted to govern this province on the same system, or want of system, as that by which it administers the other districts of the Empire. In fact, the Southern Bulgarians are to be granted such an amount of qualified independence as, judging by the experience of the past, will at once induce and enable them to agitate for complete liberation from Moslem supremacy.

With the best good will, and the most perfect good faith on both sides, it is impossible that the relations which the Congress proposes to establish between Roumelia and Turkey should work satisfactorily. The whole scheme rests upon the assumption that, if Turkey is secured the right of erecting a long line of fortresses along the Balkans, and of garrisoning these fortresses with her troops, she will be in a position to defend herself against any further aggresion on the part of Russia. If this new line of defence is to be of any real value, it is essential that the Turks should command the whole country between the Balkans and the Bosphorus. Yet, in as far as the scheme of the Congress is understood, the Turks are actually to be debarred from access to the northern half of Roumelia. This latter province is to have a local militia of its own, and all the arrangements for the conveyance of troops and war materials between Constantinople and the Balkans must inevitably give rise to dissensions between the central and the local authorities. In short, if a scheme had been devised to perpetuate the jealousies and animosities which have brought about the gradual dismemberment of the Ottoman empire, it would have been difficult to suggest a project better calculated to secure such an end than the one under which the Danube valley is occupied by a series of petty independent states, Bulgaria is divided into two by an arbitrary division, and the Turks are placed in possession of a line of fortresses from which they are cut off by a semi-independent state whose autonomy has been placed under the guarantee of foreign Powers. The one obvious recommendation of the scheme in the eyes of its authors is that it renders it possible for Turkey to retain her dominion for some years longer over Roumelia, Salonica, Albania, and Thessaly.

Putting aside all question of the desirability of upholding Moslem rule, we could understand the advantage of such an arrangement if there was any reasonable prospect of its enabling Turkey to consolidate her sway in Europe. Anybody, however, who believes that a system of government administered by Turkish Pashas is likely to be fundamentally different in the future from what it has been in the past must be possessed of a robuster faith than any which we can claim. As it is, the general course of events can be foreseen without difficulty. If once Turkey should be reconstituted after the fashion proposed by the Congress, there will infallibly, after an interval of more or less duration, be a new rising in some one of the European provinces left subject to her rule. Fresh atrocities will be committed, and before long the independent Christian states north of the Balkans will come to the assistance of the insurgents. Russia, under such circumstances, will plead the impossibility of remaining an indifferent spectator, and the Eastern Question will once more disturb the peace of Europe. As to the ultimate result there can be no doubt. The only doubt is, how long the interval of tranquillity is likely to prove. But, whether it be short or long, all that the policy of our Government can boast of having effected is to have adjourned for some years longer the emancipation of European Turkey from Moslem rule.

## THE LATE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The interest felt by the world at large in such calamities as that which has befallen the Royal Family of Spain is more genuine than the Cynical School of Social Philosophy would be prepared to admit. No doubt, out of a hundred persons who express their sorrow at the melancholy death of the young Queen, ninety-nine have never even set eyes upon her, and knew no more about her personally than they do about any ordinary bride whose death, within a few months of her marriage, is announced in the obituary of the daily press. Still, so long as human nature and human society remain what they are, the personal fortunes of families which occupy a large space in the world's notice will always come home to the great public as though they were in some sense matters of private concern. We have all of us followed, with more or less of attention, the story of King Alfonso's courtship and marriage as recorded in the chronicles of the day; we have read the reports of the royal wedding at Madrid; we have looked at the portrait of the youthful Queen displayed in shop-windows, and photographic albums; and then, when we learn suddenly that the life begun so brightly has closed so briefly and so sadly, we cannot but feel a sort of personal regret, which it would be unfair to ascribe to vulgar adulation of rank and fortune. Be this as it may, princes who die young have, from the days of Marcellus downwards, obtained a hold upon popular memory seldom accorded to those who have lived out the full span of their existence. To the present hour, the tradition of the good Princess Charlotte is dear to the hearts of Englishmen, and still more of English women. In like manner, the memory of the Queen Mercedes is likely to be cherished for many a long year to come amidst the Spanish people, while her name will be associated with all the promise of the vague "what might have been." It requires, however, a far more intimate knowledge of the dead princess than can be possessed by any one out of the immediate circle of the Spanish Court to form any valid opinion as to what her influence might have proved had fate spared her life. All we can fairly say is that she was young and fair and amiable, and that she was credited with all the graces which the world accords so willingly to youth and beauty and sweetness of disposition. But, to argue from these vague indications that, by the death of the Queen Spain has sustained an irreparable loss is to make an assertion of which proof and disproof are alike impossible.

Still, even if the Queen Mercedes, contrary to popular expectation, had proved the most ordinary and common-place of royal personages, her premature death possesses a political importance quite apart from her personal excellences or defects. It is no secret that Alfonso the Twelfth owed his elevation to the throne in no small degree to the marriage which has just been so abruptly ended. There is no reason to doubt the affection which the King bore to his young cousin. But the story that the marriage was a love match forms one of the courtly fictions which are always raised and circulated on similar occasions. In fact, if not in name, King Alfonso was betrothed to the Princess Mercedes on the eve of His Majesty's departure from France to assume the Crown of Spain. At that time the Prince was only seventeen, while his cousin was a few months over fourteen. At such an age neither the inclinations of the bridegroom nor of the bride could have had much to do with the conclusion of the matrimonial compact. The proposed marriage was, to all outward seeming, a very wise and reasonable arrangement. But it was essentially an affair of State policy. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that Alfonso the Twelfth would not have been King of Spain unless he had pledged himself to marry his cousin in due season. But it is certain that a pledge of this kind materially facilitated his accession to the throne. For a considerable time, both before and after the deposition of Queen Isabella, the feud between Her Majesty and her sister had been of the most embittered kind. Only a few months before the revolution of 1868, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had been exiled from Spain on the suspicion of having conspired against the reigning dynasty, and during the vicissitudes which followed the downfall of Queen Isabella the Duke of Montpensier was regarded as a possible candidate for the throne, either in his own person or in that of his wife or children. The long series of intrigues which has centred round the possession of the Spanish Crown ever since the death of Ferdinand VII. is far too imperfectly known as yet for any positive opinion to be expressed as to the parts played by the surviving actors in that strange chapter of history. But the more the truth becomes known the more reason there is to think that, notwithstanding the unpopularity attaching to his origin and to the circumstances of his marriage, the Duke of Montpensier has throughout acted loyally and honestly towards Spain and towards her various rulers. Still, even if he was entirely innocent of any personal ambition, the force of circumstances inevitably placed him in a position of antagonism towards Queen Isabella and her children. Without entering upon the scandals of the past, it is enough to say that King Alfonso's claim to succeed to the throne at all, as the acknowledged head of his branch of the Bourbons, was appreciably strengthened by the recognition of his title on the part of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier. Such a recognition was afforded by his betrothal with his child-cousin. The marriage was only delayed until the youthful couple were old enough to enter upon wedlock, and, though at the time the King's choice of a bride was not popular with the Spanish nation, yet the political advantages of the union were fully recognized by all the leading statesmen of the Peninsula.

With the death, however, of the Queen Mercedes the bond is severed which identified the interests of the Montpensier branch of the Royal Family with those of Alfonso the Twelfth. At his age and in his position, it is impossible that the young King should not take another wife to himself at no distant period, and for obvious reasons the selection of the new Queen of Spain can hardly fail to rekindle all the jealousies, rivalries, and intrigues connected with the question of the Spanish succession. Even before the marriage which she herself had arranged had been finally carried out, Isabella II. had begun to intrigue against her own son, though a reconciliation had been ostentatiously announced between the ex-Queen and the head of the elder branch of the Spanish Bourbons. With all her faults, Isabella the Second has still a strange hold upon the Spaniards, and, if she was to exert her influence actively against her son and successor, the transient tranquillity of the kingdom would have but little prospect of permanence. Alfonso the Twelfth, in common with every occupant of the Spanish throne, is placed under the necessity of studying the conflicting interests of advanced Liberalism and reactionary Clericalism. Whatever he may do, he is certain to give offence either to the Constitutionalists or the Church; and in Spain, whenever a party feels itself agrieved, its one notion of obtaining redress is to conspire and bring about a revolution.

Of late, the young King has shown himself disposed to favour Constitutional and Liberal ideas, and, according to common belief, he was influenced in this course by the counsels of the Queen. In consequence, the Clerical Party have become discontented with his rule, and have turned their thoughts once more towards the cause of Don Carlos, not, as it is believed, without the sanction of Queen Isabella, who bitterly resents her own forced absence from Spanish soil. Under such circumstances, the sudden death of Queen Mercedes cannot but add another to the innumerable elements of disturbance which threaten the fortunes of Spain and her youthful sovereign.

## CANADA.

"The Viceroys of Canada are but evanescent *eidola* that naunt your history, but scarce contribute a line to its page. Should our names hereafter mark a date or identify a period, it is the most we can aspire to. Half-a-column of biographical history would suffice to exhibit the sum of our united achievements, so imperceptibly do we come and go, play our small part, and fade from off the scene." Such were the words in which, at a public meeting recently held in Montreal, Lord Dufferin wound up an address characterised by all the picturesqueness, the generosity, and the Hibernian warmth and exuberance for which His Excellency's oratory is distintinguished. The audience, no doubt, thought an exception might be made in the case of the particular *eidolon* who was addressing them; but, of course, his lordship's statement was true generally, and there is perhaps no community whose ruler so admirably discharges the functions of a political figure-head as that of the Canadian Dominion. Hence, Mr. Goldwin Smith's anticipation of an early severance of the British connection, to be followed by absorption into the United States. Others, like Sir Julius Vogel and Lord Beaconsfield, have suggested academic schemes for including the Dominion and all the Colonies in a Pan-Britannic, or Anglo-Saxon Confederation, or, as the Premier would prefer calling it, Empire. Sir Julius objects to a union which at present depends on mere "pleasure," but he has not contemplated the effects of a Union depending upon the compulsion to which we would certainly have to resort if the schemes of either politician were adopted. Imagine the colonials submitting to the imposition of the Premier's universal tariff, and of his common "military code!" The only harmless portion of the project was that for "a representative council in the metropolis"—Sir Julius Vogel's "Board of Advice"—which is simply of a piece with the tawdry imperialism of which we have had a foretaste in the case of India. The latest utterance on the subject appears in an article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by Sir Francis Hincks, who easily shows that the progress of the colonies, and their attachment to the mother country, are more compatible with their present state of semi-independence than with imperialism. Lord Beaconsfield held that the concession of self-government ought to have been accompanied by "securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands, which belonged to their sovereign as their trustee;" but as regards Canada, at all events, experience has confirmed Sir Francis Hincks' assertion that "the Crown lands are infinitely better managed by the local than they formerly were by the imperial authorities; and, considering that free grants are cheerfully given to all *bonâ fide* settlers, the people of England could not have greater benefit from them than they have." At the present moment, the Dominion Government offers any extent of as naturally-fertile land as there is to be found on the American Continent, at prices ranging from ninepence to two shillings an acre. Nor do the Canadians require the presence of the Imperial troops for protection against foreign aggression, or internal disturbance, or attacks from native tribes. Halifax is rather to be regarded as a kind of Malta or Gibraltar, and its garrison has no special reference to colonial necessities. And we may refer to the report presented to the Ottawa Parliament last March, which shows how—as in the case of the riots at Montreal during the summer of last year—the Canadian Militia may always confidently be relied upon for prompt and peaceful suppression of any disturbances that may occur. Anyone desirous of knowing what stuff the ordinary Canadian is made of would do well to consult Lieutenant-General Selby Smyth's report. Soldiership simply means armed policemanship, in which every Canadian citizen qualifies himself, more or less, as a matter of course; and its ideal possesses as little in common with that of the military systems of the Old World as the idea of colonial self-government with that of Monarchy.

But if Sir Francis Hincks can refute imperialist sentimentalists like Sir Julius Vogel and Lord Beaconsfield, he incurs a charge of inconsistency when he argues that the removal of the Viceregal *eidolon* must necessarily result in union with the American Republic. If this be so, the Governor-General must be something much more substantial than a phantom; whereas if he is not, it rather follows that the Canadians can well take care of themselves. The whole spirit of Canadian politics has been from first to last one of sturdy independence. All recognise the self-reliance and the alertness of the Canadians, and the destiny of their magnificent but undeveloped territory as "a land for men and women." It is only since 1871 that Englishmen have begun to realize the fact that Canada covers an area equal to that of Europe without Spain and Italy. Much of this, no doubt, consists of ice and stones; and the climate of other large portions is more bracing than luxurious; but competent witnesses, such as Lord Dufferin, and Mr. Sandford Fleming, engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway, say that there remain hundreds of thousands of square miles of land inexhaustibly fertile, and with a climate as pleasant as, or even preferable to, the English. The second-named authority describes the vast country between the settled district on the St. Lawrence Valley and the mountainous regions in the Far West as an almost unkroken prairie which only wants cultivation to convert it into one of the richest wheat-growing lands in the world. The means more immediately required for attracting settlers to the prairie lands are roads and railways; and it says a great deal for the practical character of the Canadians, and their future prosperity, that so much of their expenditure has been devoted to public works of that description. Their expenditure, it is true, occasionally overbalances their income; but, with a judicious prosecution of public works, this would be a very small matter. Besides, the Dominion debt amounts to only about four times the average income of the last few years; and it is a significant testimony to the country's power of expansion that her commercial marine is even now supposed to be the third largest in the world.

All this naturally goes to show that, sooner or later, the day for complete independence must arrive for the Dominion. Even now the symbols of dependence are of the very frailest. The pardoning power is one which no colonist need grudge even to the most shadowy *eidolon*. Even the appointment of the Viceroy's privy councillors, theoretically in his own hands, is practically controlled by public opinion. But, on the other hand, the right of veto, at any time within two years, over acts of the Dominion Parliament is just the kind of privilege which no free community will long endure, even if the privilege itself be surrendered in practice. Moreover, the system of senatorial nominations, authorised in the "British North American Act" of 1867, has been regarded as a retrogression from the Canadian elective system which it superseded. Politically, the strongest material bond between England and the Dominion is, perhaps, the imperial guarantee for a portion of her debt, a guarantee which enabled her to borrow money for two per cent. less than she otherwise could. Nevertheless, there does remain a connecting link the strength and value of which cannot be estimated in dollars. It is the link of sentiment and pride of race, which is the inspiring element in Sir Francis Hincks' own essay, and which, let us add, would be maintained alive very cheaply for a viceregal 10,000*l.* a year. No Englishman who has not travelled in an English dependency can realise the depth and intensity of this feeling. But, even if money is to be found to any amount, it will not be easy to replace, in the viceregal seat at Ottawa, one of the most popular administrators that have ever left these shores;

though, if we may say it without offence, Lady Dufferin herself is deservedly credited with an influence no less potent in preserving the attachment of the colonials to the "old connexion." From this "view-point" of feminine influence there is everything to be said for the Canadian idea of the Marquis of Lorne's appointment to the Governor-Generalship. Otherwise, the idea was not a peculiarly happy one, and the wish was the father to the thought. Psalmody, rather than flattering oratory and geographical exploration, is the Marquis's *forte;* and in any future squabble between the Canadians and Columbians concerning the railway subvention we fear he would cut but an indifferent figure after Lord Dufferin.

## THE NEW PLACEMAN.

Who is the gifted being that has devised two little Bills, now down on the notice paper of the House of Commons for a second reading—Bills which not only create a new Under Secretary of State, but "reorganise" one of the historic offices in the Government of Scotland? It would be more than interesting to know what fresh supplies of the genius for jugglery the Government have at their disposal. More than once a comparison has been instituted between the slow demoralisation of political life under Lord Beaconsfield's rule and the same process in France during the last days of the Second Empire—and we are bound to admit that the parallel thus drawn is not always imaginary. In all sorts of odd ways the likeness creeps forth, and, for those who are fond of tracing the resemblance, we think the study of the Bills to which we have referred may be invaluable. One of the commonest tricks of the late Emperor's Ministers was to misappropriate public money by devoting it to purposes other than those for which it was voted. The Legislative Body, for example, might sanction a large education vote, but they might object to a great increase in the army estimates. It did not in the least matter. The War Minister asked for less than he meant to spend, and simply raised what other sums he wanted by appropriating the funds granted for public instruction. The Bill creating a new Under Secretary of State for Scotland does not cover quite so disreputable a transaction. Yet, as we shall show, it finds the money for this new placeman's salary in a manner which is painfully suggestive of the financial juggles of the Second Empire. The history of the affair is as follows:—We are informed that for many years back the Scottish members have clamoured about the want of an Under Secretary of State who would take charge of Scottish business in the House. Heretofore this duty has been done, and on the whole very fairly, by the Lord Advocate, or Chief Law Officer for the Crown in Scotland. Under men like the present Lord Moncrieff and Lord Young the system worked pretty well. Scotch business was attended to and furthered either by hospitable cajolery or dogged obstinacy on the part of the Lord Advocate of the day. But it so happens that the Conservatives have often a difficulty in getting a seat in the House for a Lord Advocate of their way of thinking. Scottish constituencies will not elect them at any price. The old plan was to buy a corrupt English borough for them, but this was done once too often. It led at last to an investigation for bribery, and that was apt to be disagreeable to a gentleman who, since he was a candidate for the suffrages of the peccant borough, had peradventure been jobbed into a seat on the judicial bench. The terrible suicide of the late lamented Lord Justice Clerk Patton, one of the most amiable and estimable of men who were ever caught in the toils of the Bridgewater wirepullers, put a stop to this system. The Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen are now willing for certain well-understood "considerations" to give a Tory Lord Advocate a seat in Parliament, so that the failure to conduct the business of the country properly does not depend on the inability of the leader of the Tory bar in Scotland to carry a contested election. It is due simply to the fact that the Scotch bar cannot seemingly supply us with Lord Advocates decently competent on the political side of duty. It is said, with what truth we know not, that the political capacity of that bar has lately dwindled down below the average. Your Scottish advocate is always a highly accomplished person, pedantic rather than skilful as a lawyer, a veritable dungeon of useless learning, and also a walking incarnation of political incompetence. A stray visit to the Strangers' Gallery is all he knows about the House of Commons. Parliamentary life is a mystery to him, and he is utterly devoid of the subtle arts and delicate tact necessary for "managing" the House. Lord Moncrieff was a consummate master of Parliamentary craft, and his successor, Lord Young, made up for his *brusquerie* by practical statesmanlike ability of so high an order that his removal from the House was justly lamented by all observant political critics. Lord Gordon again, though not a brilliant man, had lived a good deal in England. He was, to some extent, familiar with the habits and tone of London society, and that always procures for a man "the ear of the House." Moreover, he was a quiet, unpretentious, "pawky" old gentleman, who somehow "muddled through his work" in a more or less unsatisfactory manner, so that he was, at least, tolerable in dull times as Acting Secretary of State for Scotland. But when he "went to another place" Scottish business was taken in hand by a gentleman who had never been anything but a second-rate Edinburgh lawyer, who apparently was utterly "raw" as regards Parliamentary affairs, and whose only noticeable qualifications for office were heavy, uncouth manners, and a big, rolling voice, with nothing to say. When this calamity happened matters came to such a pass that the Scotch members threatened Mr. Cross with revolt. They declared they would join "the obstructives" sooner than have their Bills entrusted to an official who was not sufficiently influential to get them pushed through, or to procure for his country from the Government that recognition of its existence to which it had hitherto been accustomed.

Mr. Cross took the matter in his own hands, and proposed to act in reality—he does so now in theory—as Secretary of State for Scotland. We all know how he repented him of the enterprise. Whether it was "the deputations" that half killed him with their long-winded speeches, or that he was sickened by those fumes of whiskey-toddy which invariably permeate the Home Office for some hours after the said "deputations" have lectured there upon Hypothec and the Roads and Bridges Bill, we need not inquire. Suffice it to say, Mr. Cross determined he must have a "buffer" to stand between him and the Scottish politicians; so he resolved to create an Under Secretary for Scotland. The way in which he set about it was this:—"The Lord Clerk Register," an official of mystic dignity, died. He was supposed to be entrusted with the national archives, but he was not known to have anything to do, as everything connected with public registration in Scotland was done by his Deputies, under the direct control of the central government. In fact, when the great Earl of Dalhousie, Viceroy of India, was Lord Clerk Register he was positively ashamed to draw the salary, and when the late holder of the office was appointed no remuneration was allotted to him. He was a rich, fussy old gentleman who had nothing to do, so he took to "pottering about" the Edinburgh Registry Office, conversing affably with the clerks and the great "Deputies," who did the work of the department. He thus talked himself—and, what was more to the purpose, the late Government—into the belief that he "personally performed the duties of the office." It was easy to concoct little changes in organisation that looked like "reforms," and upon the strength of these valuable but unpaid public services the salary of the office was again paid to the Lord Clerk Register. What Mr. Cross's Bills propose is that the Lord Clerk Registership shall henceforth be what it ought to be, an unpaid sinecureship, and that the salary of the titular head of the Register House should be appropriated to a new office, that of the Under Secretaryship of Scotland, who must have a seat in the House. English members will be apt to ask, what objection can be made to this arrangement? The Clerk Register notoriously has nothing to do, the Deputy Clerk Register and Registrar General, an officer with a salary of £1,000 a year, doing and being actually responsible for the work. Why, then, should his lordship's salary not be taken from him; and, if the Scotch want an Under Secretary, why should the money not be used to pay him for his services? For our part, we are not at all sure that the temporary political incapacity of the law officers

in charge of Scottish business is a sufficient justification for a change that will practically leave the House of Commons without a single Scotch lawyer in it. The want of some good authority on Scottish jurisprudence will be gravely felt in the House when law reforms are discussed, and when the legal bearings of Scottish questions cause disputes. Then, again, why not revert to the old arrangement that prevailed when the late Lord Advocate Patton could not get a seat in the House. Scottish business was then taken in hand by Sir Graham Montgomerie, the Scotch Lord of the Treasury. The junior Treasury lords have nothing to do, and one of them might always be a Scotch member able to act as Secretary of State for North Britain. Lastly, we regard the proposed method of paying the new Under Secretary of State as little better than undisguised pillage. If economy is effected by saving a large salary in the Edinburgh Register Office, that office and those who do business with it ought to get the benefit of it. The Scottish Register House, from fees connected with the very beautiful and perfect system of land registration which they have in Scotland, and from law court fees, earns a handsome profit every year of £9,000. It has always been a grievance that this money should be spent in such a way that the limited class of people who pay it—landowners and litigants—get no benefit from it. But here we have a further aggravation of the grievance, for the large salary of the Law Clerk Register is to be applied for payment of duties utterly unconnected with the Register Office—for the payment of a parliamentary and imperial official whose salary, under an honest administration, would be charged on the Consolidated Fund. We are threatened with the creation of a new Minister of Education and Agriculture. We all know that county court fees yield enormous revenues to registrars, who one of these days will be forced to live on moderate fixed salaries. The principle of Mr. Cross's Bill, creating a new Under Secretary for Scotland, would justify an impounding some of the county court fees saved from the maw of the registrars and applying them to pay the new Minister of Education and Agriculture. It is simply the French Imperial system of misappropriation of public money revived in a new shape.

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## THE CATTLE BILL.

That one-half of the Cattle Bill is what Mr. Forster calls a sham, and the other half a delusion, is a proposition which the nation, as distinguished from the farmers, must perceive to have been established beyond doubt by the three days' debate; though, indeed, there may be a doubt as to which side deserves the chief credit of the demonstration—the opponents of the Bill or its authors. A not unpardonable prejudice might tempt one to declare for some among the Liberal speakers; but fair play, says the common proverb, is a jewel, and we cannot but attribute the lion's share of the glory to Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, and after him, *longo intervallo*, to Lord Sandon and Sir M. Hicks-Beach. The more keenly the foreign clauses were scrutinised, the clearer did it become that they must diminish the supply and raise the price of food. A closer examination of the home clauses confirmed the growing scepticism about the theory of the foreign origin of cattle disease, and landed the Government in this dilemma—that, on its own showing, the home arrangements were inadequate for the suppression of disease, while any attempt to enforce them with the stringency recommended in the case of the slaughter regulations would be certain to raise a storm of opposition from one end of the country to the other. On the theory above-named, the slaughter clauses, which are the distinctive feature of the Bill, fall to the ground, and the special pleading of Mr. Wilbraham Egerton and Colonel Harcourt, and of farmers and dealers like Messrs. Stratton, Sheldon, Rhea, and Thornton, is beside the point. We have the high testimony of Professors Brown and Simonds to the fact that cattle diseases were rife in this country even in the days before foreign importation. "In my opinion," says Professor Simonds, "the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease . . . raged to a greater extent in 1840 and 1841 than it has ever raged since, and was more destructive to life at that time than it has ever been since." And Mr. Forster, speaking with the authority of official experience, pointed out that "whereas in the years 1875 and 1876 there was the greatest number of foreign cattle having that disease imported, those were exactly the years in which there were the fewest cases in the country." Again, on what principle could a system be defended which allowed, after slaughter of the particular animal or animals diseased, the dispersion over the country of an infected cargo from Ireland, while enforcing the total slaughter of foreign cargoes whether a single instance of disease might be known to exist or not? The suspicion which we ventured to express in a former article—that in the matter of cattle disease England may very possibly be less sinned against than sinning—has been abundantly justified by the facts brought out in the course of the debates. In this view, Mr. Egerton and the farmers only evade the question when they expatiate on the heavy loss which the country sustains through the depreciation in quality and the induced sterility of animals that have suffered from the disease. If the deterioration amounted to two hundred pounds per head, instead of two; and if all the sick cows each "dropped" twenty calves, instead of one poor, miserable calf, would that make it any the clearer that the Continent was solely responsible for cattle disease, and that the way to escape the plague was to kill somebody else's cattle rather than keep a sharper eye upon our own?

Not only will the slaughter clauses fail to stamp out disease, but they must certainly diminish the imports, and this to the extent, if we are to accept Mr. Forster's calculation, of at least a quarter of the present amount. This the Government denies, quoting the recent increase in the imports from Holland as an illustration in point. But this increase has been explained by the relaxation of the prohibitions against German cattle passing through Holland. The Government, however, would shift its ground and say that, after all, the proportion of the foreign to the total supply was so very low that the inconvenience would speedily be remedied by the improvement in the health and fecundity of our home-stock. Now, the proportion for the whole country is still a matter of uncertainty, being variously estimated at from five to fifteen per cent. But there exists no such doubt as regards the metropolis, whose foreign supply reaches the very high per-centage of from 41 to 47 for cattle, and about the same for sheep and pigs respectively. The supporters of the Bill have said nothing to overthrow the formidable objection that compulsory slaughter means compulsory sale, therefore increased risks to trade, a diminution in the latter, and finally a rise in prices. It is no answer to say that the inconveniences of slaughter at the ports would not be greater than those of slaughter at Aberdeen. The men engaged in the Aberdeen trade can regulate their operations to a nicety in accordance with the daily, we might almost say hourly condition of the market. The importer cannot.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach, no doubt, says that he may; but his reasons only add to the perplexities of the Bill. He says that the importer may choose his own time for slaughter—may keep them "for days or weeks even"—provided the beasts are not allowed to leave the port alive. Now, if they were stock animals, they would be allowed to be transported across the country after a brief quarantine of a few days. Is it implied that a lean cow may be trusted not to propagate pleuro-pneumonia and foot-and-mouth disease, but that a fat bullock destined for the shambles cannot? Disease, as we know, speedily declares itself. Supposing, then, that a dealer kept his beasts at the ports "for weeks," that no sign of disease appeared in the interval, and that, therefore, there was no further danger of any, would he still be compelled to kill at the port merely because the animals were "fat stock? If not obliged, why establish one term of probation for the lean cow and another for the fat bullock? The latter is really the less dangerous of the two, for his business is to travel to a particular spot and die there for the good of the public; but the former, with less restriction upon her movements, may infect whole herds before it is possible to put her out of harm's way. It does seem hard that dealers should be obliged to maintain healthy animals in

board and lodging at the ports "for weeks," whilst the quarters prepared, at much trouble and expense, for their accommodation at the inland centres stand empty and useless. In brief, Sir M. Hicks-Beach's reply to Mr. Forster only confirmed the character of the Bill as a chaos of contradictions. When the Government wishes to exclude foreign animals, it declares that the term of disease-incubation is very long, and the risks tremendous; when it wishes to admit them, it reduces the quarantine by one-half, as if the risks were mostly moonshine. And, finally, while Canada and the States are to be exempted, France, the Peninsula, Scandinavia, and Denmark—which, to a certainty, would be obliged to "schedule" us Englishmen if *we* were the exporters—are to be subjected to the operation of the Bill, though they are just as "clean" as America, and vastly cleaner than Ireland. Even magnanimous Liberals might confess to a little satisfaction if the Government passed this extraordinary Bill, and then—appealed to the country.

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## THE TONBRIDGE WELLS SCANDAL.

Miss Anna Maria Walford, of Tonbridge Wells, a somewhat more than middle-aged lady, described by those who ought to know her best as being "exceedingly benevolent" but "deficient in judgment," and, "generally speaking, not a very sensible person," enjoys the proud distinction of having occupied for seven entire days the time of Baron Huddleston and a special jury. Her satisfaction, however, will be, no doubt, considerably tempered by the fact that she stands mulcted in 10*l.* damages and the costs of the entire proceedings, and that, further, she has not succeeded in making out her case and establishing the innocence of her interesting *protégée*. Into the details of the story it is needless to enter. The sole interest of the trial lies in the light it lets on what may be called the practical working of the Church of England as by law established. Mr. Lewis, the plaintiff, is a gentleman in holy orders, thirty-one years of age, married, and father of three children. He is popular, good-looking, and of distinctly Ritualistic proclivities. He commenced his ecclesiastical career as a curate at Plymouth, and there he had a quarrel with his vicar, who accused him of spending too much of his time in the company of a certain married lady. Mr. Lewis's explanation of this is that the lady in question and her husband were his best friends, but had quarreiled with his vicar, and that the suggestion of the latter was a mere piece of spiteful annoyance. We can quite believe this possible. The average clerical mind is, like the feminine, essentially malicious, and the chance of starting an insinuation which gives unwarranted pain to three persons at once is an opportunity too precious to let slip. One might have thought that the lady's husband was the best judge in the matter, that the vicar had no business to interfere, and that his interference was an insult to all parties concerned. This, of course, is not the clerical point of view; and we must take the clerical mind as we find it. Anyhow, the matter ended as such squabbles usually do. The stronger of the two combatants carried the day, and Mr. Lewis left Plymouth for Ilfracombe. At Ilfracombe a servant girl made one of those charges against him which are often made for purposes of extortion. The magistrates sent the case for trial, but the grand jury ignored the bill, and Mr. Lewis's parishioners gave him a testimonial, and Dr. Temple, his bishop, a special letter of recommendation. From Ilfracombe he went to Tonbridge Wells, and here fresh troubles gathered round him. His vicar, Mr. Pearson, took leave of absence for two years, leaving the parish in Mr. Lewis's charge. Tonbridge Wells is, like most other watering places, full of retired officers, East Indian civilians, and ladies of uncertain age; and Mr. Lewis and his antecedents became immediately subject of tea-table gossip. Miss Walford, the defendant, considers Mr. Lewis "flippant" and "light." "His manners," in her judgment, are "not quite suitable to a clergyman." He does not, in her opinion, "show the dignity which a clergyman ought to show." Besides, he is, both by conviction and in practice, a Ritualist, and Miss Walford has a horror of Ritualism. Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, seems to have been more energetic than prudent. He took a prominent part in mothers' meetings, Dorcas meetings, and other such solemnities, and, amongst other things, was president of the "Tonbridge Wells branch of the Church of England Temperance Association." Of this branch Miss Heath, a good-looking girl of some six-and-twenty, was secretary, and thus it was that "the row began." Miss Heath was being prepared for confirmation, was anxious about the state of her soul, and took Mr. Lewis's advice on the matter. Now, it is an unwise thing for a clergyman to concern himself as to the state of soul of his female parishioners in the concrete. In this particular direction, his researches should be of a general and abstract character. Had Mr. Lewis been prudent, he would have allowed Miss Heath's soul to take care of itself. Further complications arose out of the Temperance Association. Certain of the brothers and sisters considered Miss Heath an unfit person to be secretary. It was alleged that she told fibs, and had confessed to a partiality for champagne, and, further, that her conduct was marked by levity. All this is just a specimen of the kind of cackle which goes on in circles of this kind. Mr. Lewis, as president of the association, called the committee together, and a meeting was held at which the state of Miss Heath's soul was taken into consideration. The result was that Miss Heath resigned her secretaryship, and that Miss Walford took her up, made a companion of her, and warmly espoused her cause. Before long, the companion began to whisper in the old lady's ear things too terrible to mention about Mr. Lewis. As to what the girl meant there can be no doubt. What it was exactly that she said it is difficult to discover, nor should we be the better if we knew. According to Miss Walford, it was something "too dreadful to talk about." This being her opinion, she proceeded to talk about it to all her friends and neighbours. In a day or two Tonbridge Wells was full of the scandal. Miss Walford went about deploring the conduct of the curate, misrepresenting his antecedents, holding up Miss Heath as a Pamela, and generally lamenting the evils to which Ritualism always leads. The friends of Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, knew, or declared they knew, a great deal about Miss Heath that was not altogether in her favour. The vicar did his best to arbitrate in the matter, but Miss Walford refused to withdraw her charges, and Mr. Lewis had no resource but to bring his action. The jury have given him £10 damages, and, no doubt, would have given him more, had they not considered Miss Walford to have shown folly in the matter rather than spite. While, however, their verdict openly declares the defendant in the wrong, it does not explicitly exonerate Mr. Lewis. There is his oath on one side and the oath of Miss Heath on the other, and it is quite intelligible that a jury should decline to decide between the two. It is, however, only fair to Mr. Lewis to point out that his accuser is a young lady of hysterical temperament and of emotional tendencies, and that her veracity—to say nothing of her conduct in other respects—has been repeatedly called in question. Several witnesses swore that they would not believe her on her oath; and, although she declares that they are her enemies, young ladies who have such enemies are in an unfortunate minority.

The case shows us the miserable kind of atmosphere of cackle, small talk, gossip, and rumour with which clerical circles are tainted. Old ladies who have nothing else to do seem to make it their business to go about speaking evil of their neighbours. More particularly are they apt to assail the curate, especially if he be young and good looking, and if, in their judgment, his conduct indicates "levity." Curates will do well to ponder over these facts, and not to make themselves too busy over the souls of young and interesting female parishioners. If Mr. Lewis had not been sufficiently imprudent, knowing Miss Heath's antecedents, to yet prepare her for confirmation, he would never have found himself involved in this painful scandal. A clergyman cannot too strictly avoid personal relations between himself and the female members of his flock. Prudence in such matters is a duty he owes his profession as well as himself, and, if he is weak enough to allow sham sentiment and personal sympathies to interfere with what ought to be the ordinary routine of his duty, he must expect to become a mark for the evil tongues of garrulous old women.

## HOSPITAL CHARITY.

To-morrow is Hospital Sunday. In numberless churches and chapels throughout the metropolis eloquent sermons will be preached on the best of texts, and every one must hope that the practical answers to such an appeal will be satisfactory. This arrangement of devoting one Sunday's offertories in the year to the collection of funds for our hospitals, though still new, is already well established, and is to be heartily commended. If all the other Sundays' occupations in church were as profitable, fewer complaints than are now made about them would be heard. At the same time, the scheme is not quite as perfect as its originators and advocates appear to consider it. The money thus raised is not, perhaps, all gain, as many of the guineas put into the collection bags for general distribution are pretty certain to be deducted from the subscriptions made in other ways to special hospitals; though to the recipients one guinea is as good as another. Moreover, the virtue, as far as the donor is concerned, of a sudden outburst of promiscuous charity, under the influence of an exciting discourse, cannot be compared with that which prompts a really generous man to assist some good object in which he is particularly interested, and which he can watch in order to know that his money is well spent. If there is vice in the vainglorious charity that likes to see itself in print, there is vice also in the reckless and lazy charity that throws away spare coin at somebody else's bidding, without caring, except in the vaguest sort of way, what becomes of it. If our hospitals were wholly, or to any very large extent, supported in this spendthrift fashion, more than half their present value would be lost by careless application of their funds.

As it is, it may well be doubted whether hospitals do all the good within their power, and we hope there is nothing graceless in taking advantage of the temporary interest excited by Hospital Sunday to refer to the possibility of better administering hospital charity. The theory upon which nearly all our hospitals have been founded and are carried on is that they are strictly eleemosynary institutions. Now there is no form of almsgiving more commendable than that provoked by the accidents and illnesses which befall persons who, perhaps, just able to keep themselves and their families out of the workhouse when in health, would be utterly broken down by their unforeseen and unprovided-for calamities, if special provision were not made for their assistance. It is with such persons that our hospitals are mainly filled, and the help given to them ought not to degrade or pauperise them in any way. They are, however, to a certain extent pauperised, if they are allowed to look upon the hospital as an asylum which they have a right to enter whenever they are not in such health as will enable them to perform their ordinary avocations. The man who spends all he earns while he is in good health, knowing that he is almost certain to be ill sometimes, lives beyond his means, and, though he is far more to be pitied than to be blamed for falling back on the good nature of friends and the free nursing and doctoring of a hospital in time of emergency, his self-respect would be all the greater if he made it is his duty, in good times, to provide, as far as possible, for bad times. In many cases the friendly societies, by their sick funds and the like, do all they can to promote this feeling of independence. But when all is done that can be done by the friendly society, what is the result? Poor Smith's sick allowance barely serves to keep him in his own hard bed, with scanty fare, and inefficient nursing, and the perfunctory advice of a medical practitioner who contracts to "do" for so many hundred patients at an average of so much per head per annum. If the same amount of money were paid to a hospital for taking care of Smith within its walls or by outdoor assistances if his condition permitted it, he would probably recover his health in no more days than the weeks during which under present arrangements he lingers on, perhaps to die in the end. His friendly society's prudence tends to keep him out of the hospital, and thus is likely really to do him harm instead of good. If our hospitals would consent to take in patients willing to pay, in part if not wholly, for the attendance given to them, immense benefit would accrue to the poorer classes, and the augmentation of their funds would enable them to make room for more patients than they can at present receive.

No less beneficial would such an arrangement be to the middle classes, and even within certain limits to rich people. There are few cases of greater hardship than that of a clerk or tradesman, or some one with a more dignified calling, say that of a barrister or artist, who has to keep up a respectable position in his own circle of society, and maintain a family on a small income, ranging perhaps from two to five or six hundred a year, if he is seized with a dangerous and prolonged illness, or sustains some serious accident. He feels the pinch sorely enough if his wife or one of his children is thus afflicted, but when the case is his own his chances of bread winning are checked, if not destroyed, just at the time when he needs something more than bread. All the discipline of his little household is broken in order that he may be nursed, lovingly enough, but, perhaps, all the more clumsily because of the love that cannot bear the strain put upon it. The tradesmen's bills as well as the doctor's accumulate; and he may be saddled with arrears for years after he has recovered; and yet he does not obtain as good invalids' food, and physic, and medical or surgical attendance, at a charge of, perhaps, eight or ten pounds a week, as it would cost an hospital to provide efficiently for half the money. Many a man in such a case would gladly go to the hospital to be cured, and, whether he liked it or not, it might be his clear duty to do so if the hospital would take him in, but it will not. Hospitals are charitable institutions, and hospital charity insists on being eleemosynary. If a millionaire breaks his leg or falls down ill in the streets a policeman and a cabman will probably take him to the nearest hospital, where, once admitted, he may be allowed to remain till he is cured; and afterwards it is open to him to send his benefactors a handsome cheque in return for their kindness. But the kindness has been accidental; and if an ordinary person with any social position desires to be similarly treated he can only do it by a *ruse*. This ought not to be.

We are, of course, aware that movements are on foot for establishing what are called middle-class hospitals, and we wish them all possible success. But the already-established hospitals, most of them with reputations for skill and good management which no new establishment can hope for a long time to emulate, would do well to adapt themselves to the increasing need to which we refer. It would be well, too, if some of the parsons who are to preach to-morrow would employ their eloquence in widening the meaning of the term, "hospital charity," and in dispelling the idle prejudice against the adoption of hospital assistance which exists in many quarters, and prevents such a general demand for a change from growing up as would compel attention. Broadly speaking, there are a great number of accidents and diseases, occurring in all classes of society, and there is a very large proportion of moderately well-to-do people, for which and for whom hospital treatment is a distinct and important advantage—as clear and great an advantage as it is that we should have specialists of every variety among our physicians and surgeons, trained nurses and competent manufacturers of drugs, instruments, and other doctors' appliances. Our hospitals would be doing the charitable work that devolves upon them in its fullest extent, they would be dispensers of charity that no one would be ashamed to take advantage of, if they would open their doors to patients able and willing to pay for the services rendered to them. By doing that they would not only confer an immense boon upon the public, but they would also have less need to call for such contributions as they hope to gather in to-morrow.

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## THE CRIMINAL CODE.—I.

The lucid and interesting speech with which the Attorney-General introduced into the House of Commons his Bill for codifying the Criminal Law of England preceded by some weeks the publication of the proposed measure; but his remarks, as given in the admirable report of *The Times*, will be found to have anticipated most of the important changes which are at present proposed. No praise can be too high for the one newspaper which had the wisdom and enterprise to report at full length an address which, though of the highest

possible consequence, was of necessity delivered at a time when most London journals are apparently unrepresented in the Reporters' Gallery. The Attorney-General, though he is justly entitled to the credit of having clearly expounded a complicated subject, was most candidly careful to disclaim the real authorship of the measure brought in by himself, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Cross. It is Sir James Stephen who, after conferring upon the legal profession and the lay public the great benefit of two compact digests on the Law of Evidence and the Criminal Law, has added to the lustre of his name and the credit of his country by compiling the first English Code. The electors of Dundee and the aldermen of the city of London ought to be very proud.

The Code in its present shape is narrower than the Digest, inasmuch as the former deals only with indictable offences or crimes which may come under the cognisance of the higher tribunals, such as the Queen's Bench Division, the Central Criminal Court, and the Courts of Assize and Quarter Sessions. It may be hoped that the deficiency will in due time be supplied, and that the "great unpaid" may be able to resort to some more authoritative source of summary jurisprudence than the bosoms of their clerks. The codifying Bill, then, as it has been read the second time in the House of Commons, consists of seven parts, of which the first deals with Introductory Provisions, the second with Offences against Public Order, Internal and External, the third with Offences by and against Public Officers and against the Administration of Justice, the fourth with Acts Injurious to the Public Generally, the fifth with Offences against the Person, the Conjugal and Parental Rights, and the Reputation of Individuals, the sixth with Offences against Rights of Property, or Rights arising out of Contracts, and the seventh with Procedure. This classification is, perhaps, rather convenient than scientific, and the title of the fourth part looks, at first sight, as if it would apply to all the rest, but the titles of the subdivisions of the fourth part are Offences against Religion, Offences against Morality, and Common Nuisances, which are obviously not punishable in respect of any injury done to particular individuals, but solely on the ground of scandal to the public or detriment to society. And perhaps, the only useful or even possible way of classifying crimes is to abandon all attempt to make the classes mutually exclusive, and to be satisfied with arranging the different parts of the subject in accordance with their more noticeable characteristics. We proceed to point out the most interesting and important features of this new departure in legislation, regretting at the outset that it has been thought prudent to omit the date when the Code is to have the force of law.

A vexed question of jurisdiction is settled in a very offhand manner in Section 3, which provides that the Code shall apply to acts done "upon or in any part of the sea adjacent to the coast of England and within one marine league of any part of the coast of England measured from low-water mark." This, of course, is exactly the space within which a majority of the judges in the case of the *Franconia* decided that the English courts had no jurisdiction. It is no doubt true that Mr. Justice Lush and some other members of the Court based their decision against the Crown on the comparatively narrow ground that Parliament had not given the necessary authority to the tribunals. It is also true that the Lord Chancellor has brought in a bill which gives the required authority, and that in doing so he took the unprecedented course of arguing from his place in the House of Lords against the judgment of a Court of Final Appeal. But, supposing that the Lord Chancellor's Bill should pass, and that, therefore, this provision of the Code should pass also as a matter of course, can the matter be regarded as settled? It is surely somewhat strange that a disputed question of international law should be decided by the British legislature without the consent of other nations. Halleck says ('International Law,' vol. i., p. 135 of Sir Sherston Baker's edition): "The general usage of nations superadds to this extent of maritime territory (*i.e., quod est intra fauces terræ*) an exclusive territorial jurisdiction over the sea for the distance of one marine league, or the range of a cannon-shot, along all the shores or coasts of a State. The maxim of law on this subject is, *terræ dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis*, which is usually recognised to be about three miles from the shore." And, no doubt, the weight of authority among the text-writers does lean in that direction. Perhaps, the Congress of Berlin might find the subject more profitable than the discussion of how best to protect military despots from assassination. Another most unedifying subtlety which arose in the "Queen *v.* Keyn," and which, consisting in the inquiry whether the offence was committed on board the *Franconia* or on board the *Strathclyde*, or, as Lord Justice Bramwell thought, in the water, actually determined the decision of some members of the Court, is cleared away by section 4 (*c*), which runs, "Every murder and manslaughter, and every offence which consists in the infliction of any bodily injury on any person, is committed both at the place of the act or omission which was the cause of death or bodily injury, and at the place where the death of the person killed took place, and at the place where the person injured received such injury." A verbal critic might suggest the phrase "shall be deemed to be committed" in place of "is committed," but the provision is an admirable one. Section 5 for ever abolishes prosecutions at common law. This may seem like a mere formality, as, of course, the code will supersede the whole existing law relating to indictable offences; but it may be remembered that, a short time ago, Mr. Justice Mellor was unable to sentence a medical student who had assisted a lady in her attempt to commit suicide to the punishment which he so richly deserved, because the offence was one at common law, and "the common law knows nothing of hard labour." Section 8 suggests an improvement which might be made in the Code. It runs, "The punishment of death shall in all cases be inflicted in the manner prescribed by the Capital Punishment Act, 1868." What this means is that all executions shall be private. Surely, it would be quite as easy and far more convenient to embody this provision in the Code, instead of referring to an Act of Parliament which is not even completely described. Again, in Schedule 2, there is a list of about a hundred Acts of Parliament which are wholly or partially repealed. We venture to submit to the eminent persons who have charge of this measure that the better course is to repeal the whole criminal law, and to insert in the Code, not references to previous Statutes, but the actual effect of the provisions which are retained. The Code would then, of course, be more bulky, but it would be far more useful. Section 9 abolishes solitary confinement, which has probably done more to madden than to reform those who have undergone it, and which is an intensely severe punishment in its actual infliction without being profitably deterrent in its prospect. Section 15 deals with cumulative sentences, and provides that penal servitude, and not hard labour, shall be awarded to any person who has by the commission of more than one crime incurred a liability to imprisonment for a longer period than two years. This is a wise and humane enactment, and our only doubt is whether it might not well be carried further. The Lord Chief Justice once expressed an opinion that eighteen months' hard labour was as much as a healthy man could endure without injury to his constitution, and it is well known that five years' penal servitude is regarded as a lighter punishment than hard labour for two years. The vexed and vexing question of insanity is dealt with in S. 20, which provides that "No act shall be an offence if the person who does it is, at the time when it is done, prevented, either by defective mental power, or by any disease affecting his mind (*a*) from knowing the nature of his act, or (*b*) from knowing either that the act is forbidden by law, or that it is morally wrong; or (*c*), if such person was, at the time when the act was done, by reason of any such cause as aforesaid, in such a state that he would not have been prevented from doing that act, by knowing that, if he did do it, the greatest punishment permitted by law for such an offence would be instantly inflicted upon him, provided that this provision shall not apply to any person in whom such a state of mind has been produced by his own default." When the defence of insanity is now set up, which it practically never is except in case of murder, the judge leaves two questions to the jury. The first is, Did the prisoner know what he was doing? The second is, Did he know that it was wrong? These questions are asked in con-

formity with the opinions of the judges to the House of Lords in McNaghten's case, when Mr. Justice Maule was the only dissentient. It will be seen that the first question is substantially reproduced in the Code. The second question, however, is materially enlarged by the words, "that the act is forbidden by law." This excuse seems contrary to the maxim, *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat.* No doubt, the ignorance must be the result of "defective mental power or disease affecting the mind;" and, perhaps, no person who would ordinarily be called sane could fail to know that murder was criminal. But, suppose a man to be indicted under the 278th section of the Code, on the ground that he had not "to the best of his knowledge and belief fully and truly discovered to the trustee administering his estate for the benefit of his creditors all his property, real and personal, and how, and to whom, and for what consideration, and when he disposed of any part hereof, except such as had been disposed of in the ordinary way of his trade, or laid out in the ordinary expense of his family," and suppose him to urge as matter of excuse that being a person of less than average intelligence he was unable to understand the law, and that, therefore, he did not know whether what he did was illegal or not, what ought the jury to find, if they believed his defence? that he knew what he did not know, or that he was not guilty of a gross fraud which he had wilfully committed? But the third ground of defence appears to us, when it is taken in connection with the other two, liable to serious abuse. For what is the nature of the acts which a man might do, knowing what they were, and knowing them to be wrong and illegal, and yet without caring for any punishment that might follow? If there be any such acts, they are those which occasionally result from the fury of religious fanatics, who believe that they will be more than recompensed in another world for any suffering which they may undergo in this. It may be said that, if such be their state of mind, it would be useless to punish them. But, if we consider how very few the cases must be where the fear of death or penal servitude for life has no deterrent influence, and how little fitted the minds of an ordinary jury are to determine so abstruse and difficult a question, we may see cause for hesitation in introducing such topics into criminal courts. For ourselves, we have never been able to see why the first of the two questions in M'Naghten's case should not be sufficient. If a man is so mad as not to know what he is doing, *cadit quæstio.* You might as well try a dog. But the public has probably not forgotten the case of a man who killed a fellow-workman shortly after being released from an asylum. Lord Justice Brett put the orthodox questions, and the prisoner was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Thereupon the medical officer of the asylum, who had not been called at the trial, wrote to *The Times* to say that the prisoner when under confinement was easily managed by threats to stop his tobacco. The certainty of a very slight punishment will deter people who are popularly supposed to be insane. Many people whom nobody calls lunatics care very little for the severest punishment when they have a good chance of escaping altogether. What a man would have felt, if he had known that punishment was sure to follow, which, as a matter of fact, he knew was not sure to follow, is, we submit, hardly a question for a jury to solve. Section 22 contains the welcome provision that "no presumption shall henceforth be made that married women committing offences in the presence of their husbands do so under compulsion by their husbands." This is a most rational change, and it will in future prevent the possibility of a jury returning such a verdict as once resulted from an elaborate explanation of the law by Justice Littledale in the case of a man and his wife tried jointly for a robbery. There the jury found the husband guilty, but recommended him to mercy on the ground that his wife did it. Section 26 applies the maxim *De minimis non curat lex* to indictable offences, and should, we think, be restricted to the superior courts. Justices in petty sessions are apt to consider any form of personal violence as a "trifling offence." Section 28, which makes all persons who "aid or abet any other person in the commission" of an indictable offence parties to such offence, thus abolishing the distinction between principals and accessories before the fact, will meet with general approval

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE MONEY MARKET.

It is not too much to say that the London joint-stock banks have been fairly convulsed by the "revelations" which have been made concerning the innovation introduced into the constitution and practice of the Money Market by the "recent departure" of the Bank of England from the old and well established principle underlying its discount business. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that the Bank has been discounting for its customers below its advertised official *minimum.* At first sight the news presents a somewhat serious aspect in so far as the outside, or general money market, is concerned. This "new" practice of the Bank is regarded as a death blow to the long-cherished partial monoply enjoyed by the joint-stock banks in the bill business, and as the introduction of free trade in money. It has been assumed that until quite recently the Bank never took bills from its customers below the published *minimum*, and that in departing from this rule it comes into direct competition with a class who form its chief private depositors. The City editor of a daily contemporary having in some evidently mysterious way got scent of the "innovation," sounded the alarm, and in an instant nearly the whole of the Press followed suit, and played so furiously on the big drum that a general panic was created amongst the joint-stock banks, who thereupon convened a meeting amongst themselves with a view to concerted action and mutual protection. As there was an almost absolute want of agreement as to what was best to be done, the meeting was adjoured to consult with the London private banks. This second meeting led up to nothing in particular, and it was accordingly also adjourned until yesterday afternoon. We do not, at the moment of writing, know what the result was, nor, we must confess, do we feel any very great concern on the point. We do not expect that anything very revolutionary will have been decided on, and we await the result with an easy assurance that the financial machinery of the country will not be subjected to any serious disturbance.

This agitation amongst the joint-stock banks seems natural enough when we consider that their deposits with the Bank of England average about ten millions sterling, or within a trifle of the present total reserve of the Bank, and that those deposits are supposed to be employed in competition with them by an establishment possessing all the power and influence attaching to a national institution. But, as a matter of fact, the whole affair partakes more or less of the character of a mare's nest. For, in the first place, the "innovation" spoken of is no innovation at all; in the second, the competition of the Bank of England is no more extended than it has ever been; and in the third, the trade in money is neither more nor less free than formerly. For our own part we consider that the matter has acquired an altogether unwarranted importance—an importance which generally accompanies a half knowledge of some apparently new fact. The circumstances of the case are exceedingly simple, however obscure they may be made by the profound economic disquisitions to which they have given rise. It is true that the Bank, notwithstanding that until quite recently it advertised a *minimum* rate of discount below which it was understood it would never take even the highest class of paper, has not adhered rigidly to a line of policy which was introduced just after the passing of the Bank Charter Act We have, however, the best grounds for knowing that for some time past, for a longer time, indeed, than is generally supposed, the Bank has been in the habit of relaxing this rigid practice in exceptional cases, but in such manner, also, as should relieve its action of a competitive character. Everybody, for instance, must have noticed the wide discrepancy which has, until the last few days, so long existed between the Bank *minimum* and the "outside" rate of discount, there having been at one time a margin between the two of over one per cent. Such a difference as this was naturally felt to be a heavy burden upon those customers of the Bank who not only did all their discounts with it throughout the year, but also gave it the sole charge of their deposits. This the Bank fully appreciated, and was unable to resist the reasonableness of the claim which such

customers had to the remission of what was in reality a serious tax on them for taking the whole of their business to it. Those customers who were in the habit of taking only a portion of their business to the establishment in Threadneedle-street met with no concessions, however high class the paper they may have wished to discount. It was open to them to effect their discounts at the Bank at the *minimum* rate current at the moment, or to seek the lower terms obtainable in the outside market; but one course or the other they were bound to adopt, since the Bank never knowingly shared its business with other houses. It is evident, therefore, from the nature of the business taken by the Bank below the *minimum*, that it was not acting in antagonism to the joint-stock banks. In any case, the bills which were discounted below the *minimum* would not have found their way into the outside market, seeing that the concession was made for the very reason that those to whom it was extended did their business solely with the Bank. It is true, on the other hand, that, while the Bank was acting in this manner, its *minimum* was, strictly speaking, no *minimum* at all, and the Directors have done wisely in discontinuing the use of the term and substituting the more correct one of "Bank rate." But, from what we have said, it will readily be seen that the distinction between the two terms is one rather of theoretical than practical importance. Whether the expression Bank *minimum* or Bank rate be used, the published discount charge of the Bank will, as heretofore, subserve every function as a guide in mercantile transactions. It will be no less potent than formerly in leading the foreign exchanges, nor less effective in its protective influence over the reserve. The latter is the one item which the Directors have constantly to watch with care, and one to which their attention is ever directed with a solicitude that brings them very little praise and much fierce and embittered criticism from City Writers, who affect to see in the Bank of England not a trading body which has to earn a profit on an enormous capital, but an institution which should be at once the be-all and do-all of our national banking system, irrespectively of the interests of its proprietors.

A suspicion has prevailed that the joint-stock banks had in view the exercise of some coercive action on the Bank if it continued to deal, as is imagined, in direct competition with them, and it was even hinted that they might withdraw their deposits. Such a step, however, would in no way benefit them. In placing their reserves with the Bank of England, they do so with a direct view to their own convenience, in the first place because it is a measure of safety, and, in the second because it is necessary to collect their balances at one centre to facilitate the working of the clearing system. No expedient could prove more fatal to them than such a severance of their connexion with the Bank. It would force the Bank to bid for deposits by allowing interest on them; its competition in the discount market would become more powerful and direct; and the support the Bank has been accustomed to extend to the joint stock banks in bad times would become a mere tradition of the past, the *raison d'être* of which had altogether vanished owing to the newly established rivalry between them. As, however, there is no reasonable chance of such a step being ever resorted to, a discussion of its probable effects would be useless. The joint-stock banks have naturally received a severe shock through the ill-considered talk of people only half informed on the subject; and we trust that the various meetings they have held have contributed in some measure to dissipate the false notion that the Bank of England has entered on a line of policy likely to prove injurious to them.

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## CAGED ROBINS.

Mr. Ruskin used to complain that he was not allowed to give a penny to a beggar, and kind old gentlemen will laughingly detail the difficulties they find in discovering charitable objects to which they can send money without being reproved by some political economist, and told that they are aiding and abetting pauperism, and destroying the independence and self-respect of those whom they intend to benefit. But there are countless ways of being charitable, without giving money, and there are many people in need of help and kindness who are able to provide themselves with all the necessaries of life. There is plenty of benevolence floating about in the world; but, as it gravitates downwards, some of it passes over the heads of very deserving recipients. People are naturally inclined to seek for objects of charity in a rank beneath their own, and sometimes forget to think of the friends and acquaintances to whom they might do real life-long service without offending against any of the laws of political economy. It is, no doubt, much easier to send a subscription to a convalescent hospital than to have an invalid friend to stay at one's house; but the one is a case of almsgiving, the other is real personal charity. Rich people willingly subscribe to give the roughs at the East End a day in the country; but they do not always remember to ask their friends of the West End, who have no country place, to enjoy a similar treat.

Those who have spent the winter months hunting and shooting, and are rather glad to escape from the boredom of small county society to the gaieties of a London season, can scarcely realise the feelings which the return of spring and sunshine arouse in those who love the country, but are obliged, by circumstances, to live the greater part of the year amongst bricks and mortar. Children suffer from the confinement of a City life, particularly in the spring time, and many professional people can only take their families out of town in the autumn. There are hundreds of little ones now in London who are pining for a run in the meadows, where the young lambs bound, who are yearning to fill their laps with the treasures that peep from underneath the sprouting hedges. They look wistfully at the bunches of flowers carried about the streets, and try to imagine what bliss it would be to gather them. Their eyes almost fill with tears as they listen to the thrush at the green-grocer's. They instinctively sympathise with him as he stands on a bit of withered sod, and tries to sing the songs which nature intended to be heard amongst the leafy woods. How hard the pavement feels to little feet, and how sharp and stinging is the dust which blows into their eyes.

The park is no more a substitute for green fields to children than is the withered sod to the thrush. What would these little ones not give for even a few days amongst "green meadows pied with daisies." Yet, how many country houses stand empty while their owners spend the season in London, a month at the seaside, or take a tour on the continent? Perhaps the owners would not feel life less sweet if a friend and her children were smelling the roses on the terrace, or enjoying a dish of strawberries from the well stocked garden. A young couple find no difficulty in borrowing a friend's house in which to spend their honeymoon, and clergymen are often obliged to lend their parsonages in order to get their duty done when they are from home. We do not see why the practise of lending houses might not be a little more extended, and be the means of infinite pleasure and doing real good, an end not always attained by mere almsgiving.

Let us imagine the arrival of a lady and her children, who, escaping from London fog and smoke, find themselves at some country home placed at their disposal for a few weeks. The travellers arrive probably in the evening, when the shadows lie long on the meadows, and the setting sun bathes every thing in golden light. The children are put to bed in sheets of a snowy whiteness unknown to London washerwomen, and they press their tired little heads, wondering at the strange stillness and silence on pillows which bear the subdued scent of lavender, and are of a volume and vastness which tells of homegrown down. They are wakened in the morning by the passion flower tapping at the window, and birds, very different from the sooty sparrows of home, chirp in the ivy. In the breakfast room they find mamma, sitting smiling and refreshed, looking already several years younger than she did yesterday, and with an expression in her eyes they have never before seen. She distributes all sorts of dainties to which they are little accustomed. A home made loaf of eccentric build, but vast proportions, excites in their minds a wonder not unmixed with awe. The eggs were boiled almost before the hens, who are so proud of laying them, have done proclaiming their feat to the world. The cream is so thick and frothy it refuses to come out of the jug. The windows are open, but

instead of the ceaseless roar of wheels and the trot of weary hoofs on the dusty pavement, comes the whispering of the wind through the great magnolia leaves, and the cry of the martins as they dart to and from their nests with an endless supply of food for their young ones.

After breakfast a visit is made to the home farm, an excitement even more to be desired than a day at the "Zoo." What are unsavoury monkeys and screaming cockatoos to little black pigs rolling over one another, and yellow velvety ducklings tumbling headlong down a steep place into the pond? The dignified turkey cock when he gobbles is more delightfully terrifying than the largest lion in a cage, and a ride on the elephant pales before a mount on the back of the Suffolk roan. Good children are allowed to see the cows milked, and even perhaps admitted to the mysteries of the making of cheese. The dairy maid laughs at the little cockneys who expected to find salt butter as well as fresh when the milk has been churned, but makes up for her cynicism by allowing them to help her to feed the calves, and perhaps even condescends to assist while the little woolly donkey is solemnly named Edward, and the staggering calf of a day old is decked, as for the sacrifice, with a garland of flowers. Mamma is dragged out in the afternoon to search for wild strawberries, and to tell the names of the birds as they flit through the underwood. She has to bear a strict cross-examination as to how and where they build their nests, and is expected to give a full account of all the vagaries of the cuckoo, as well as to recognise the notes of the different woodland warblers. Papa perhaps comes down from Saturday till Monday. What marvellous accounts he hears of ponies that kick and little boys that never tumble off, of little girls that climb the trees, and forget their dollies in the sun on far-off mossy banks. He will see collections of blue feathers from jays' wings such as the sky itself cannot match. He will be dragged through trackless wilds and tangled thickets to see a kestrel's nest, or hear a turtle dove coo, and has to listen while his little boy airs a stock of newly-acquired rural knowledge, and discourses upon ants and their habits with the gravity of a scientific naturalist. Papa will also have to visit the menagerie. A lame duckling, a toad, or a bat will probably form the star of the collection, and their beauty, misfortunes, and docility form the text of the boy's most animated lecture, in the course of which he will announce his intention of taking the happy family back to town with him, and keeping them for ever and ever.

In the evening papa, mamma, and the children sit on the terrace to watch the rising of the moon. Pale blue columns of smoke ascend like incense, a thousand distant sounds blend themselves into one harmonious whole, and the faint scent which comes from the sleeping flowers is indescribably fragrant. The midges bite them, but they are too happy to care; they can look at an earwig with complacency and at a slug with absolute affection. Everything has "the glory and the freshness of a dream," from which they do not waken until the train has taken them back to town again. But the children never forget those happy days. The toad and the lame duckling come to an untimely end; but the ferns they have dried always remain to remind them of the glorious time when mamma was lent a house in the country. They have gained a love for Nature which will give them pleasure all their life to come, and which they could never have acquired in lodgings at the seaside. Cockneys are the people who really enjoy the country, and it is an act of real friendship to give them a taste of its pure pleasures.

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## THE TRANSLATION OF POETRY.

It is customary to talk of translation as a process to be conducted according to one of two opposing theories: the translator aiming at the loyal transfer of some masterpiece into another language than that in which its maker conceived and executed it is understood to begin by resolving whether he will reproduce by the letter or by the spirit. Will he take meaning by the rules of the dictionary or evolve them from his own inner consciousness? will he measure word by word to the original or will he re-conceive the thoughts from the original and give them a later but, so far as later conditions allow, continuous individuality like that of transmigrated souls? will he fix his mind most on rendering the very thing said trusting to something in it which even under the losses of strict translation shall produce something of its true effect, or on rendering the effect as he feels it and knows that others ought to feel?

Between the alternative treatments as here put the translator certainly has a choice—nay must deliberately choose. But has he really a choice between letter and spirit? If he has, if it be possible to have either indifferently without the other, and impossible to have both, by all means let him translate the spirit in preference. But can you have the spirit of a poet's work without the letter? No one advises a painter to paint the beauty of his sitter and never stickle for the features, or the instrumentalist to render the expression of a composer's music by altering the air at will. In poetry the form of the thought is part of the thought, not merely its containing body. One poet will have a more euphonious method than another, or a more etymological precision; one takes minute pains over jewels five words long, another dashes off unregarded cadences to the first tune that sings itself in his head; one is a very dandy in his dainty phrasing, another an untamed and hasty sloven making his crude carelessness a law; but, however all these things may be, the poet—the man who writes that which he thinks poetry—takes the form of his work as of its essence and will have no fathership of ideas disembodied of his shapes for them. His implement is the letter, and he knows it. His result is the letter, and he knows it. He will be judged, careless or careful of manner, by what he has said, not by what you think he should or would have said. Say he is careless, his very carelessness is of his individuality as an artist; he will thank no neater stranger for representing him with the charms of neatness.

No poet, minor or major, will ever be got, whatever his theory of how to translate other men's poems, to accept a free rendering of his own as conveying their spirit. Give the merest twaddler his raw attempts interpreted by a Tennyson or a Swinburne out of his own dislocated English and halting measures into a stronger and sweeter form, or give them to him liberally translated into splendour in a foreign tongue by some Victor Hugo, he would feel that he had had, if more than generosity, yet less than justice, given him. He would refuse to recognise *his* thoughts, *his* descriptions, *his* similes, transmuted in the crucible of another man's mind. He would be like a man who wanted his own portrait—painted, of course in good looks—and who got instead the limning of a handsome man unrecognisable. Even corrections must be made by the author hand; the touch of the better poet may spoil the worser's work and, for the purpose, be inferior; because of the want of full apprehension of what the author had it in him to say if he could, what he perhaps thought he did say; because of the want of the sympathy of union which cannot be between two persons of different mental force; because, in fact, two men are two men, not one man. A mature poet's emendations of his own younger work many a time have the effect of interpretations by another hand, and jar; because the mature poet is no longer one with him who wrote the younger poems. And what then will it be if, not the Tennyson or the Swinburne or the Victor Hugo, not the expert and ripened poet, assumes to interpret the spirit, apart from the literary form, of the poetaster or the beginner, but the scholar who has learned to scan, the linguist who knows his own tongue no better than the stranger one he has mastered by perseverance and etymological acuteness, busies himself in adding to the work of a giant up to whom he could never climb to look into the vivifying light of his eyes, the spirit which he never could have breathed, the savour which his senses could never equally have apprehended?

The letter, though it becomes part of the spirit, is not the spirit. The poet, no matter how inspired, is after all but a craftsman. His words are the thing he means, but often sound, or even a technical necessity of metre, may have suggested the words. And yet other words will not afterwards do. For what has been said influences what is to follow, sets the key for melody and harmony alike. True the poet himself alters what he has

said; but he does it under his own laws; if he changes even a word it is because another word is more keenly accurate as the language of his thought, or because another word more fitly leads to the next thought; or, making the change for purposes of melody only, he has, and he uses, the power also to make in the passage he has touched whatever other changes will keep the sense he has in view complete to his own mind. Admit intellectual superiority of the translator, admit, which is certainly improbable, the translator's superiority, as poet to poet, over his original, and may we say that the translator can, under any human conditions, supplement the poet with the fitness of similarity, and amplify and embellish him into the fashion of thought of centuries later or worlds apart, without loss of whatever individuality of genius gave the poet his claim to be translated at all? And when we remember, as needs we must, that except by most rare and, we might say, unreasonable, exceptions, the translator is, as a matter of course, in no point of originating force the equal of the author translated, we must feel that the translator's true work is to give us, so nearly as the respective grammar and idiomatic construction of his divers tongues may allow, the translated author's thoughts as he himself gave them and to trust to accuracy to the letter for accuracy to the spirit.

If only the master poets of the classical world could be rendered for us as have been the magnificent Hebrews! If translation of them could be done by a company—a company seeking no personal glory and impressed with such a reverence as would prevent their altering or elaborating one jot or one tittle! Such a translation would have to be in prose—for poets have their vanity, and still more have their tastes in harmonies—in prose by faithful men who knew their tongue and aspired to be its perfect servants, not its harmonious masters as versifiers claim to be. What then? If we could but have the sweeping rythms of our Biblical translators, need we long for others? What poet's ghost could desire more glorifying translation of his music of words than such as the unforgettable cadence of "How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning?" It is a cadence which, more than perfect in its isolation, would become but a monotonous doggrel in the echoed repetition of verse; it is a glory and a sweetness that only prose must dare to possess. And yet that same book of Isaiah, and yet the Psalms, the love-song of Solomon, the pithy poetry of Proverbs, the low long wails of Ecclesiastes, can give us rivals by the dozen to this, for versifiers, inimitable rhythm. But we could be thankful for less than our Biblical swell and fall of solemn and pathetic measureless measures. Will any prose translators give us Isaac Walton's "natural rising and falling, doubling and redoubling" like his own mellifluous description of the nightingale's sweet descants? Only the perfection of English prose could reasonably convey to us the perfection of Greek verse; for in our lost melodious prose the absolute poetry of sound would be compatible with blind fidelity of verbal rendering. And no sole human being can translate with the entire disinterestedness necessary for such translation as that of our masterpiece of the English language, the version of the Hebrew Testament. The men who made that version looked above all, before all, to the letter; the spirit, they thought, was there of itself, if they were but faithful to the dictionary. If there were but men to translate Homer so by the letter!

As to translating by the spirit—there is a well-known University story of a good lady who could by no means be satisfied with a usually much approved artist's portrait of her husband, a man of considerable academical and some scientific achievement: "it was like him," she said, "but where was the intellect? the artist had not painted his intellect." It was suggested that the intellect should be painted in a separate picture and hung up beside the portrait. As it happened, nobody was found to paint the intellect thus apart from the bodily man, the spirit away from the letter. Had the question been of producing his intellect apart from its outward embodiment, had the University notability been a world's great writer with his works liable to translation, he might not have escaped so easily. A very nice intellect would have been pourtrayed for him: but would he have accepted it for his?

## LITERATURE.

### GEORGE ELIOT'S NEW POEM.

*A College Breakfast Party.* Macmillan's Magazine.

George Eliot's new poem is not, as might hastily be supposed from the bare title, a realistic study of the manners and customs of undergraduate life in the comparatively sober and sedate incident of breakfast parties. It is a dialectic philosophical poem, a kind of Platonic dialogue in verse. The party is composed of six young men and a clergyman, types of Oxford thought and character, the young men being named Hamlet, Horatio, Laertes, Rosencranz, Guildenstern, and Osric, to show that the types are of permanent and not of ephemeral prevalence at seats of learning and study. We are not told what they ate or what they drank, or with what quips and cranks their repast was seasoned; the business of the poetess is with the grave talk which ensued when their material wants were satisfied. Hamlet, who is represented as the youngest of the party, is of an irresolute and unstable disposition, yearning after a creed and a rule of conduct, but standing bewildered amidst the whirl of opinion, turning now this way, now that, under the impulse of diverse authorities:—

> Blond, metaphysical and sensuous,
> Questioning all things and yet half convinced
> Credulity were better; held inert
> 'Twixt fascinations of all opposites,
> And half suspecting that the mightiest soul
> (Perhaps his own?) was union of extremes,
> Having no choice but choice of everything;
> As, drinking deep to-day for love of wine,
> To-morrow half a Brahmin, scorning life
> As mere illusion, yearning for that True
> Which has no qualities; another day
> Finding the fount of grace in sacraments,
> And purest reflex of the light divine
> In gem-bossed pyx and broidered chasuble,
> Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast
> With arms extended, waiting ecstasy,
> But getting cramps instead, and needing change;
> A would-be pagan next.

The type is common in the present generation; it has probably existed in all generations since human beings began to think. The other guests at the party—Horatio is the giver of the feast, and preserves throughout a benevolent neutrality—have found their creeds, and are eager to do battle for them, and make a convert of wavering questioning Hamlet. It is needless to say that the characteristics of the various champions in the logomachy are very sharply defined, with subtle epigram and felicitous humour. Osric, like the Osric of the play, is a youth of nice accent and delicate address, and adheres without heat or excitement, calmly, steadily, and politely, to Mr. Pater's gospel of pulsation. He waves aside with repugnance any rule of conduct which requires him

> At peril of the thong, and sharp disgrace,
> To care how mere Philistines pass their lives;
> Whether the English pauper-total grows
> From one or two before the noughts.

He has heard Mr. Pater say that the wisest spend their time in Art and Song, and he agrees with Mr. Pater. He does not care to make an effort at disabusing other people of their principles of action, still he does not disguise his opinion of them. "Preach your crusade," he cries—

> Preach your crusade, then; all will join who like
> The hurly burly of aggressive creeds;
> Still your unpleasant Ought, your itch to choose
> What grates upon the sense, is simply Taste,
> Differs, I think, from mine (permit the word,
> Discussion forces it) in being bad.

Laertes, hotheaded and impulsive, is, on the contrary, filled with the enthusiasm of humanity. When Osric praises as an example for mankind the wisdom of

> A sipping, marrying, blue-winged butterfly,

Laertes fiercely denies that any analogy can be drawn between the existence of so limited a creature and

> ——— the joy, the love,
> The wants, the pity, and the fellowship
> (The ocean deeps I might say, were I bent
> On bandying metaphors) that make a man.

When Rosencranz, whom George Eliot lifts out of his featureless obscurity in the play, and invests with full life as a destructive critic, "thunderous" and "discursive," "an argumentative leviathan," an intellectual giant who "welters with Teutonic ease" in the ocean of metaphysics, and demands proof and certitude for everything—when this mighty reasoner wants to know where we are to find a standard of human good, and how the multitude is to be compelled to obey it, Laertes retorts upon him "not without a glare of leonine wrath:"—

> "If life is worthless to you—why, it is.
> *You* only know how little love you feel
> To give you fellowship, how little force
> Responsive to the quality of things.
> Then end your life, throw off the unsought yoke.
> If not—if you remain to taste cigars,
> Choose racy diction, perorate at large
> With tacit scorn of meaner men who win
> No wreath or tripos—then admit at least
> A possible Better in the seeds of earth;
> Acknowledge debt to that laborious life
> Which, sifting evermore the mingled seeds,
> Testing the Possible with patient skill,
> And daring ill in presence of a good
> For futures to inherit, made your lot
> One you would choose rather than end it, nay,
> Rather than, say, some twenty million lots
> Of fellow-Britons toiling all to make
> That nation, that community, whereon
> You feed and thrive and talk philosophy.
> I am no optimist whose faith must hang
> On hard pretence that pain is beautiful
> And agony explained for men at ease
> By virtue's exercise in pitying it.
> But this I hold: that he who takes one gift
> Made for him by the hopeful work of man,
> Who tastes sweet bread, walks where he will unarmed,
> His shield and warrant the invisible law,
> Who owns a hearth and household charities,
> Who clothes his body and his sentient soul
> With skill and thoughts of men, and yet denies
> A human good worth toiling for, is cursed
> With worse negation than the poet feigned
> In Mephistopheles. The Devil spins
> His wire-drawn argument against all good
> With sense of brimstone as his private lot,
> And never drew a solace from the Earth."

Guildenstern, who is also provided with a distinct character, and is represented as being grave, mildly sarcastic and quiet in manner, and as having Laertes's humanity without his enthusiasm, supports Laertes in his combat with the argumentative leviathan, and is made, in the following passage, the most complete exponent of the authoress's ethical philosophy:—

> "I meet your deadliest challenge, Rosencranz:—
> Where get, you say, a binding law, a rule
> Enforced by sanction, an Ideal throned
> With thunder in his hand? I answer, there
> Whence every faith and rule has drawn its force
> Since human consciousness awaking owned
> An Outward, whose unconquerable sway
> Resisted first and then subdued desire
> By pressure of the dire Impossible
> Urging to possible ends the active soul,
> And shaping so its terror and its love.
> Why, you have said it—threats and promises
> Depend on each man's sentience for their force:
> All sacred rules, imagined or revealed,
> Can have no form or potency apart
> From the percipient and emotive mind.
> God, duty, love, submission, fellowship,
> Must first be framed in man, as music is,
> Before they live outside him as a law.
> And still they grow and shape themselves anew,
> With fuller concentration in their life
> Of inward and of outward energies
> Blending to make the last result called Man,
> Which means, not this or that philosopher
> Looking through beauty into blankness, not
> The swindler who has sent his fruitful lie
> By the last telegram: it means the tide
> Of needs reciprocal, toil, trust and love—
> The surging multitude of human claims
> Which make 'a presence not to be put by'
> Above the horizon of the general soul.
> Is inward Reason shrunk to subtleties,
> And inward wisdom pining passion-starved?—
> The outward Reason has the world in store,
> Regenerates passion with the stress of want,
> Regenerates knowledge with discovery,
> Shows sly rapacious Self a blunderer,
> Widens dependence, knits the social whole
> In sensible relation more defined."

George Eliot finds most scope for her exquisite powers of humorous creation and description in the sketch of

> The polished priest, a tolerant listener,
> Disposed to give a hearing to the lost,
> And breakfast with them ere they went below.

But there is plenty of wit as well as wisdom in the course of the poem, though the authoress leaves us in no doubt as to the seriousness of her main purpose. She judiciously refrains from telling us what effect was produced upon the irresolute Hamlet by the conflict of opinions to which he had given so attentive an ear, beyond making him put in a claim for poetry as having a place, though not an exclusive place, in a well-ordered human life. He wandered out into the meadows when the discussion was over,

> Drowsy with the mingled draughts
> Of cider and conflicting sentiments,

woke up with a luminous conviction, but refused to tell his friends what it was. Perhaps, says the poem, in conclusion,

> Those graver shades
> Admonished him that visions told in haste
> Part with their virtues to the squandering lips,
> And leave the soul in wider emptiness.

With regard to the form of the poem, it does not convince us against the testimony of George Eliot's previous efforts in verse, that she is a born metrician. The opening lines have something of the cadence of Tennyson's 'Lucretius,' but the music dies out of the rolling periods as the authoress gets deeper and deeper into her dialectic exposition, and but for the arbitrary division of the lines we might suppose that we were reading highly condensed and elaborate prose. We trust that "George Eliot" will yet expand the germ of this poem into a diffuse prose form. Many attempts have been made of late by novelists of various pretensions to describe the irresolute youth of the Nineteenth Century, the young man in search of a creed and a career. The subject is one that might well tempt her genius, and would be certain to add to her triumphs.

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## STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

*Studies in Literature.* By F. Dowden, LL.D. Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.

The main impression left by Professor Dowden's essays is one of moral encouragement. To begin with, it is something to have it admitted that, in this well-abused epoch of dissolution and transformation, we have a literature deserving of study. We know that this is not granted us upon all hands. From the ideal point of view, this century of material civilisation and scientific enlightenment might, in the estimation of certain critics, be aptly illustrated by some such picture as that new and startling map of Africa which adorns Mr. Stanley's recently-published work. From that dark continent whole historic countries and familiar peoples have entirely disappeared, swept off into a horrid night—only broken by one isolated track of light, the golden footfalls of an adventurous American round Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, and down the Congo River. And from this dark century, also, we have it loudly proclaimed, immense possessions one had been fain to regard as the eternal conquests of the human spirit have been swallowed up by advancing chaos. Religious sentiment is dead, the artistic faculty lost, national and patriotic enthusiasm quenched; but, in place of these old and sacred sources, we have our own recently-discovered little founts of inspiration (Darwinism, Spenserism, Professor Huxley's Lay Sermons, Professor Tyndall's lectures and maga-

zine articles, &c.), the private and peculiar property of this latter part of the nineteenth century. No monumental temples, then, upon the broad river bank are we erecting, but ornamental grottoes over our little bubbling springs—work creditable, says Mr. Matthew Arnold, with characteristic politeness, to "individual enterprise"—in the same way as the New-road British College of Health, whilst "scarcely having the noble grandiose and beautiful character befitting a national institution, is creditable to the resources of its author;"—work, says Mr. Ruskin, with equally characteristic vigour, *dis*-creditable to its authors and their age as was that other famous structure whose workmen had bricks for stone and slime for mortar. Professor Dowden is certainly no believer in any brand new Literatures of the Future, creditable or discreditable to individual enterprise. In considering the literature of the last eighty years he certainly does not lose sight of the influence exercised upon the modern imagination by the new horizons which political struggles and scientific research have opened out before it; but neither does he over-estimate this influence nor assume that science and politics have improved off the face of a practical and utilitarian earth that spiritual presence and power—in the world but not of it—which has its end and purpose not in positive and practical gains, but in ideal beauty and truth. It may seem negative praise to accord us some capacity for disinterested imaginative passion, but no one who has taken to heart the all but unanimous sentence of our modern prophets will feel that such an assurance is unnecessary. We know that, in the opinion of Mr. Arnold, the principal spiritual danger of our time consists in an "exuberant satisfaction with ourselves and our age truly perilous to poor human nature." But surely we have become chastened in spirit? No doubt it is because the righteous have not forborne to smite us friendly and reprove us—nay, have even let their precious palms, in some instances, all but break our heads, that the *maladie du Siècle* has now changed its form. No longer can it be described as "exuberant self-satisfaction" with, but rather as demoralising contempt for, ourselves and our conditions—a tendency to ask "who, in this worst of all possible ages of the worst of all possible worlds, will show us any good?" with the cognate question, "How shall any good—any good of the higher spiritual sort—be expected from us?"

The most valuable of Professor Dowden's essays are the three opening Studies, which give, in broad outline, a map of nineteenth century literature, with its main currents, or spiritual tendencies. As a rule we have our misgivings when we are called upon to acquiesce in any attempt to divide by positive boundaries our ideal country. "The soul refuses limits," says Emerson, and when allotted a newly-fenced garden, or "school," according to the appropriate phraseology, is always trespassing out of bounds, removing the arbitrary landmarks, establishing that here ends, or ought to end, the properly so called Classical, and here commence the wild-wooded country of Romanticism, and here the well-paved and carefully drained Realistic city. In India, where the Peepul tree is sacred, one falls in frequently with a choice temple erected to do it honour; but the giant tree, as soon as it has stretched out of babyhood, pays very little heed to its habitation—forth it breaks through the roof, spreading its branches outwards and upwards into the air and sunshine. And this is a just illustration of what happens when one attempts to imprison such a free and mighty spirit, for instance, as the genius of Victor Hugo, even in so noble an earthly habitation as a Gothic cathedral—unless, indeed, the cathedral be in ruins, and, therefore, open to the sky. But, Professor Dowden is no modern Joshua, who has undertaken the just and exact partition of the Land of Promise; he is content to look down with Moses from Mount Pisgah, and to view the fair inheritance stretched forth before him, "unto the utmost sea," and so describe, as he sees them from that height, "the precious fruits brought forth by the sun and the precious things put forth by the moon; and the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills." Offered us merely as a general indication of the various influences under which the imaginative life of our time expresses itself, we can safely accept Professor Dowden's statement that the literature of the last eighty years divides itself into four movements. There is, first, the *Revolutionary or Democratic Movement*, inheriting directly the enthusiastic and positive side of the Revolution; then, as a protest against the scepticism and materialism of the eighteenth century, we have the *Mediæval Revival*, attempting to restore the mystery and spiritual ardour of a dead faith; and *the Transcendental Movement*, seeking the Divine Presence in the soul of man; lastly, we have the *Scientific Movement*, the full significance of which can scarcely as yet be realised, but which, affecting, as it does, not only our whole conception of the external universe, but also of the history of man, of the past that lies behind him, and of the future, which the very darkness of that past makes so full of promise, can scarcely fail to exercise a profound influence upon the imagination as well as upon the intellect and conscience of men. Apart from their critical value, these three essays of Professor Dowden are precious for their fine literary qualities; the style is impassioned, without feverish warmth or exaggeration; there is a broad sympathy with every phase and side of generous emotion, and now and then a sarcasm which is as summer lightning, having the brilliancy but not the withering heat of Mr. Ruskin's fiery and forked flashes.

When Professor Dowden descends from his Pisgah heights, we cannot say that we travel with him invariably with the same sense of satisfaction with which we followed his gaze across the broad landscape. It is, above all, with his notes nearest home that we feel compelled to differ. The essays devoted to Wordsworth, to Walter Savage Landor, and to Lamennais are delightful in every sense. But we cannot but feel that, in the comparison drawn between Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, Professor Dowden has scarcely done the former poet justice. In a comparison between two private individuals it may not be at all to the disadvantage of one of them to say that he is not a mystic nor a transcendental thinker; that, in contrast to the neighbour with whom he is compared, he mistrusts passion and enthusiasm of all sort, and cares only for law and order; that he "loves freedom, but she must assume an English costume before he can recognise her;" that he "cannot squander a well-balanced British sympathy on hearts that love not wisely, but too well;" that the "mystic with him is always the visionary, who suffers from an over-excitable fancy," &c., &c. These limitations upon the imaginative and emotional side do not at all preclude the possibility of a man being an excellent citizen; but they certainly make it an impossibility for him to be a great poet. And yet we suppose Professor Dowden does not mean to exclude the giver of 'Maud' and 'In Memoriam' from the ranks of divine singers? Again, all that Professor Dowden says of Mr. Tennyson, we should think, would apply with far more force to George Eliot—with more force, and, we may add, with less depreciatory significance; since, in a prose writer, it is certainly not an unpardonable offence, nor necessarily an offence at all, to be more impressed by the presence of law and its operations than by the greatness and beauty of passions and enthusiasms. But, no; Professor Dowden will not admit that that great writer, who calls herself George Eliot, has any limitations; she is amongst the artists who, with Shakespeare, unite breadth of sympathy with the power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of the souls of men. And the summing up of all this praise is here: "In 'Daniel Deronda' for the *first time, the practical side of George Eliot's genius obtains adequate expression through the medium which is proper to her.*" Now, it appears to us that the most bitter detractor of George Eliot could say nothing more severe than this, that in 'Daniel Deronda' the poetical side of George Eliot's genius obtains adequate expression! We can quite feel that, after that masterpiece of realism, 'Middlemarch,' George Eliot may have consciously striven to make 'Daniel Deronda' a counterpoise or a correlative of the work which preceded it; but hence this failure, following upon that exquisite success. If Professor Dowden will forgive us the reminisence, we are reminded of Heine's application to his own case of the sign-painter's answer to a certain innkeeper who requested him to paint a golden angel above his doorway. "I warn you, comrade,

that I am accustomed to paint only Red Lions; now, if I paint a Golden Angel for you, it will probably resemble a Red Lion." George Eliot is not, any more than was Heine himself, a painter of red lions; but she excels in treating human life as it reveals itself under certain tragic aspects, when the soul enters upon an unequal struggle with forces too strong for it, and is either maimed or contaminated in the contest. But in 'Daniel Deronda' the closing note was meant to be of victory and not of defeat. We hope that Professor Dowden is not alone in feeling that Gwendolen is saved, and Deronda incorporated into a great ideal life. To us the song of triumph rings strangely like the old lamentation over the soul's defeat: "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

But we have a far more serious cause of quarrel with Professor Dowden than this unquestioning and unqualified worship for George Eliot. Somehow or another the average well-balanced British mind conceives itself privileged to express its complete amazement and bewilderment before the genius of Victor Hugo with a shamelessness which one would expect our writers of true culture to hold in check. It is not at all astonishing that they should feel this bewilderment; this is quite what one would expect; but that they should joyously and truculently exhale such innocent impertinences as appeared, for instance, in the *Standard* of a short time back, when the writer of a gushing leader upon the Voltaire Festival wound up his merciless satire upon the follies of M. Victor Hugo's speech by the historic phrase, "*but now let us pass to more serious topics than M. Victor Hugo,*" this does appear to us a public disgrace. We did not, certainly, expect to find Professor Dowden amongst these prophets. But what are we to expect from an essay upon Victor Hugo commencing after this fashion:—"When you are fairly borne away by some moving mound of water, when you are tossed and buffeted and bewildered, when the foam flies over your head, when you glide from dark hollow to shining hillock of the sea, when your ears are filled with the sound and your eyes with the splendour and terror of the ocean, then you begin to be aware of the sensation which Victor Hugo communicates." With all possible respect for Professor Dowden, we would venture to observe, that under such trying circumstances as are here described one's sensation could have no definite value. After this, we are not astonished when we are informed, a little further on, that Victor Hugo is deficient in intellect.

## MR. STANLEY'S EXPLORATIONS.

*Through the Dark Continent; or, the Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.* By Henry M. Stanley. Two Vols. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

[Second Notice.]

The popular idea of the horrors of the African climate, derived, it ought to be remembered, from the malarious west coast of the dank rivers up which the early explorers intisted on trying to sail, have long ago been dissipated by the reports of travellers who have penetrated the continent from the healthier eastern shores. Still, if "Afric's golden sands" are about as mythical as "Afric's sunny fountains," the interior cannot, for an inter-tropical country, be called unhealthy. Yet Sydney Smith's well-known description of the amenities of life in the sun lands may be matched even on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. "Over its shores and islands the Fourth Plague of Egypt eternally hovers. Ants, red, black, yellow, grey, white, and parti-coloured, people a miniature world with unknown emmet races. Here we might daily see the belligerent warrior caste always threatening the harmless, and seeking whom they may annoy, and there the ferocious food provider active for the attack ranging hole, bough, twig, and leaf for prey; the weak and industrious artizans absorbed in defending the poor privilege of a short existence; the frugal neuters tugging enormous loads towards their cunningly-constructed nests and sentries on watch at the doors to defend the approaches to their fortresses. They swarmed among the foliage in columns of foraging and plundering marauders and countless bands of ruthless destroyers. On the decaying vegetation I heard all around me the xylophagous larvæ of great beetles, hard at work by thousands, and saw myriads of termites destroying, with industrious fury, everything that lay in their path, whether animal or vegetable. Armies of psyllæ and moths innumerable were startled from the bushes, and from every bough shrilled the tiresome cicada, ever busy. Here the relentless ant-lions prepared their pitfalls, and there the ghastly mantis, green or grey, stood waiting for unwary insects. Diamond beetles abounded, and many another species, unearthly and horrid, scrambled away before my feet. Nor are these a thousandth part of the insect nations that I disturbed; the secluded island (Musira) was a world of infinite activities." This graphic description is a favourable specimen of Mr. Stanley's style, which is often eloquent, though rarely condensed.

Though praising Mtessa, Mr. Stanley has but little good to say of his people. Were it not for "the Emperor," no stranger could dare to enter Uganda. "They have no respect for human life or human rights. Among themselves they recognise only might. They are crafty, fraudful, deceiving, lying, thievish knaves, taken as a whole, and seem to be born with an uncontrollable love of gaining wealth by robbery, violence, and murder, in which they resemble—except that they have the lawless instinct to a greater degree than most—nearly all African tribes. Owing, however, to their horror of punishment, the stranger is permitted to wander in almost certain safety throughout Uganda, and is hospitably treated as the "Emperor's guest" (Mgeni). One has only to hear the word "Nganya" (spoil) given by a person in authority to be surprised at the greed then and there exhibited." Fish out of the lake, a little game, but for the most part vegetables, form the food of the Waganda and other tribes in the vicinity of the great inland sea. "The banana is to them what the bamboo is to the Chinese, or the moriché palm to the Indians of the Oronoco. It is meat and drink, bed and board, and clothing. Besides its cool shade, this useful plant supplies the peasant of Uganda with bread, potatoes, dessert, wine, beer, medicine, house and fence, bed, cloth, cooking pot, table cloth, parcel wrapper, thread, cord, rope, sponge, bath, shield, sun hat, even a canoe; in fact, everything but animal food." "With the banana plant, he is happy, fat, and thriving; without it, he is a famished, discontented, woebegone wretch, hourly expecting death." This "Empire of Uganda" occupies most of Mr. Stanley's first volume, and doubtless merits the space he has devoted to it. The population who own the sway of Mtessa he calculated at 2,775,000—which gives about 38 persons to each of the 70,000 square miles which it embraces. Its products are ivory, coffee, gums, resins, myrrh, lions, leopards, otters, goats, ox hides, snow white monkey skins, and bark cloth, besides fine cattle, sheep, and goats. Its fertile soil yields the papaw, banana, plantain, yam, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, manioc, tomatos, wheat, rice, maize, sesamum, millet, and vetches. Nearly all of these products, if brought to a European market, would command a good price. Within the range of such a market we cannot doubt they will in time come, for the Wagunda are destined yet to play a great part in the future of the "Dark Continent." The country west of the Victoria Nyanza—which should, according to our author, be called Niyanja, Nee-yanja, or Nee-yanza—is high, some of the parts camped on by the expedition being 4,600 feet above the sea. The nights were "bitterly cold." On the 7th of January, 1876, the night temperature was 53° Fah., and on the 8th 55°. Fogs, rivalling those of a London November, prevailed as a rule every morning, rendering the earlier part of the day damp, disagreeable and cheerless. It was so thick that a man's form could not be seen at the distance of fifty yards, and horns and drums alone guided the travellers on their march. During the afternoon the atmosphere would slightly clear, and the sun, struggling in the western skies from behind deep banks of sullen clouds, endeavoured to announce to the wayfaring men that the day was far spent. Some of the country is singularly beautiful. The Rusango, in its many falls, rapids, and cascades tells of the rapid rush and furious plunge of the river towards Muta Nzigé, a country

which, in wild picturesqueness, may be styled the Switzerland of Africa.

Among the many wild tribes through which the explorers directed their uneasy way, the Mafitté and Watuta were perhaps the worst. No traveller, at least as yet, has made us acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa. They are the true African Bedawi. "Surely," writes Mr. Stanley, "some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them. To slay a solitary Watuta is considered by an Arab as meritorious, and far more necessary than killing a snake. To guard against these sable freebooters, the traveller, while passing near their haunts, has need of all his skill, coolness, and prudence. The settler in their neighbourhood has need to defend his village with impregnable fences, and to have look outs night and day; his women and children require to be guarded, and fuel can only be procured by strong parties, while the ground has to be cultivated spear in hand, so constant is the fear of the restless and daring tribe of bandits." All of their breechless chiefs are vain and pompous to an absurd degree. All are fond of titles, grandeur, and ostentation, and every one of them knows the abounding merits of a custom house and a custom house tariff, which is here on a decidedly *ad valorem* principle, albeit it takes the name of *hongo*, just as in West Africa it is known as a *dash*, from the Portuguese word signifying a present. These aboriginal *douaniers*, failure to get porters, and continued desertions delayed Mr. Stanley as they have delayed all travellers who have gone over the same weary path. Desertions, especially in the vicinity of the Arab trading posts, became frequent, and we regret to say that among the faithless many was "My Kalalu," the boy who accompanied Mr. Stanley on his previous expedition, and who was taken by him to Europe and made the hero of a novel. He was, however, recaptured, and, poor lad! a few months afterwards lost his life by being carried over one of the Falls of the Congo.

Mr. Stanley justifies his severity to the natives in the following passage:—"Unless the traveller in Africa exerts himself to keep his force intact he cannot hope to perform satisfactory service. If he relaxes his watchfulness it is instantly taken advantage of by the weak-minded and the indolent. Livingstone lost at least six years of time, and finally his life, by permitting his people to desert. If a follower left his service he even permitted him to remain in the same village with him without attempting to reclaim or to compel that service which he had bound himself to render at Zanzibar. The consequence of this excessive mildness was that he was left at last with only seven men out of seventy. His noble character has won from us a tribute of affection and esteem, but it has had no lasting good effect on the African" (vol. ii., p. 67). The good taste as well as the utter unfairness of this assertion it is hardly necessary to comment on. Everywhere throughout Africa Livingstone's name is a name of love. The "white man" in the eyes of the black becomes identified with the old traveller; and until Mr. Stanley by his own conduct forfeited the goodwill which he and other explorers had inherited from the gentle, pure-living Livingstone a great measure of his success was due to him whom, to back up his own conduct, he tries to depreciate, as he did—perhaps unintentionally—in the presence of Dr. Moffat, and even more offensively at his first appearance at the Geographical Society after returning home. The Africans, like most savages, are quick to adopt nicknames. In some places the Arabs were known by the name of Mwana Ngombé, "Lord of Cows;" in others, Wasambyé, or the "uncircumcised," because of their Wanyamwezi followers, which last name has penetrated over an immense region, and so on.

The courage with which Mr. Stanley made up his mind to run in canoes down the Congo, the hardships his followers and he endured, the continual battles they had with the natives, and how, in spite of desertions, mutinies, hunger, death, and all other miseries they finally succeeded in penetrating through the great western forest, by way of the hitherto untracked river, are now matters of history, and need not be dwelt on in this place. In popular esteem it will always remain the most remarkable part of Mr. Stanley's journey—as, indeed, it is that part with which geography claims the most concern. It is just possible that an explorer not so firm in his belief in the logic of revolver and rifle might have accomplished his work with less loss of life to his own party, and to the savages, who, by Mr. Stanley's account, seem more fiends than men. But, in this case we must take the explorer's own word for it, though, as Africa is likely to be soon crossed again, the world may, if patient, be able to form an opinion on this question from a wider series of premisses than have yet been submitted to it. It would appear that most of the Congo tribes are cannibals, that it was mainly a lust for human flesh that tempted them to so relentlessly attack the exploring party." "The most positive and downright evidence, in my opinion, of this hideous practice was the thin forearm of a person who was picked up near a fire, with certain scorched ribs, which might have been turned into the fire after being gnawed. It is true that it is but circumstantial evidence, yet we accepted them as indubitable proofs. Besides, we had been taunted with remarks that we could furnish them with meat supplies—for the words *meat* and *to-day* have but slight dialectic differences in many languages."

Mr. Stanley supplies numerous admirably-executed maps of his routes, drawn by Mr. Weller from his rough sketches. They differ very considerably from his original outlines, as they appeared in the newspapers, and, of course, must only be considered as mere bird's-eye *reconnaisances*, as the whole time Mr. Stanley spent in Africa would not have sufficed for a laboured survey of even a portion of the rivers and lakes pourtrayed by him. We state this with no desire to underestimate the explorer's efforts, which are really admirable; but only to guard the uninitiated reader against placing too much store on the minute chart-like details of these sketch maps. The first cataract on the Congo is 1,147 feet above the sea, while at Nyangwé it was 2,077. In 1,235 miles, therefore, there was only a reduction of 930 feet, which shows that for some distance the river has a fall of twenty inches per mile, while from the Stanley Falls to the Livingstone Falls the grade is nearly five inches per mile. These heights were deduced from the observations of the boiling-point of thermometers. But, as Mr. Stanley appears to have made no allowance for the index error of his thermometer increasing at a regular rate, we fear that it would be rash to place too great dependence on those observations, as well as on those for the height of the great lakes. For instance, he makes the Victoria Nyanza 4,247 feet above the sea, while a computation from his own boiling point observations make it about 3,700 feet, which agrees with that deduced from his aneroid observations (viz., 3,615), and the old height as observed by Speke. These volumes, however, concern themselves not so much with geography as with personal adventures. We are, however, promised in the autumn a supplementary treatise on the various subjects which were crowded out. Though Mr. Stanley is not a "scientific traveller"—which means that he is merely a tourist over an unknown country—yet as every fact about this region is important, we shall look forward with interest to this volume. Meanwhile, we congratulate the distinguished author on his present contribution to the history of African exploration, and the publishers on the magnificent manner in which they have seconded his efforts—the result being not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most valuable works of travel which this decade has produced.

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## BEKE'S SINAI.

*The late Dr. Charles Beke's Discoveries of Sinai in Arabia and of Midian. With Geological, Botanical, and Conchological Reports, &c.* Edited by his Widow. Trubner and Co.

The late Dr. Beke's high reputation as a scholar and traveller has been gained notwithstanding—partly, perhaps, in consequence of—an independence and originality verging upon crotchetiness. It is, therefore, unlikely to be materially affected by its association in this handsome posthumous volume with two theories, one merely improbable, the other incredible. The former says to Mount Sinai, "Be thou removed, and *all but* cast into the sea;" the latter would

eliminate Egypt from Genesis and Exodus. Both are entitled to a hearing from the high qualities of their expositor; both claim respect as expressing the earnest and persistent convictions of a lifetime, having been first propounded in the author's 'Origines Biblicæ,' published in 1834. Many will be reminded of Dr. Chalmers's shrewd dictum: "If a man keeps his opinion to himself, he may change it. If he talks about it, he may still alter it, though it is not likely. If he prints it, he is incorrigible." It nevertheless appears, to Dr. Beke's honour, that he did discard one opinion which he had expressed very strongly—that of the volcanic origin of the mountain he identified with Sinai, upon becoming convinced of its fallacy by personal inspection. It is also to be noted that a wide distinction must be drawn between the two hypotheses to which he adhered. The actual locality of Sinai is very difficult to fix from the obviously legendary character of the transactions of which it is made the theatre. It may even be doubted whether Dr. Brugsch's highly probable identification of the sea in which Pharaoh perished with the Serbonian Lake leaves room for the existence of any Sinai connected with the story of the Exodus. Setting this, however, aside for the present, it may be admitted that the existence of the legend *primâ facie* implies a certain nucleus of fact, and, this granted, the locality of Sinai should not be irrecoverable. In fact, however, the conflict of opinion is so bewildering that the unlearned reader may be inclined to think Dr. Beke's hypothesis as good as another. Jebel Serbal, Jebel Musa, Mount St. Catherine, Ras Susafeh, all peaks in the Sinaitic peninsula, have each at different times been proclaimed as the true Sinai. Serbal has ancient tradition and inscriptions in its favour; Musa the decision of Justinian and the association of its name with Moses; St. Catherine, physical characteristics; Susafeh, the verdict of the English Ordnance Survey. There is evidently room for a new hypothesis, even one involving the displacement of the mountain to a considerable extent. It is necessary before all things, however, to form a clear opinion as to the degree in which Dr. Beke's Sinaitic hypothesis, transferring the mountain bodily from the peninsula to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, depends upon his other theory of the locality of the events of the Exodus; which stands small chance of being adopted by any one but its originator. We are invited to believe that the Mizraim of the Old Testament was not Egypt, but a conterminous country to the north of the Sinaitic peninsula never before heard of. The Pharaohs of the Bible were not Egyptian Pharaohs; the river in which Moses was exposed was not the Nile, but the "Wady el Arish," now unfortunately as good as dry, but in those days, doubtless, a stream of the first magnitude. There seems absolutely no foundation for these paradoxes beyond the notion that the Israelitish flocks and herds must have been fed beyond the reach of the periodical inundations of the Nile, as they well may have been if the desert sands have, as Dr. Beke says, encroached upon originally fertile and irrigated territory. It is curious that Dr. Beke, the professed champion of the Scripture narrative, should apparently be unaware of the confirmation this has received from the recent discoveries of papyri and inscriptions attesting the residence of the Hebrews in Egypt. It is true that he disparages the researches of Egyptologists, but, whatever scope these may afford for criticism, they cannot be impugned to any purpose by a sceptic whose "knowledge of hieroglyphics is almost limited to what I learned from Dr. Thos. Young's discovery before Champollion's system was invented."

It must be remembered, in justice to Dr. Beke, that the Egyptian or impossible part of his theory is the only part which he had an opportunity of working out. The exposition of his views on the site of Sinai was prevented by his death soon after his return to England, and we are hardly able to determine how far they necessarily stand or fall with his Mizraitic paradoxes. They are necessarily imparted to us in a somewhat desultory fashion, having to be gleaned from his correspondence with his wife during his expedition, which Mrs. Beke has printed *in extenso*. Her proceeding may be criticised. A considerable part of the correspondence is, undoubtedly, irrelevant; but, if not always scientifically interesting, it abounds in the best kind of interest—human interest. It affords a most lively picture of the indefatigable explorer working his way at the Egyptian Court, moving heaven and earth to induce the Khedive to give him a steamer, which, to that potentate's honour, he ultimately did. The nature of Dr. Beke's mission naturally brought him into contact with distinguished officials, travellers, and archæologists—Colonel Stanton, Colonel Gordon, Nubar Pasha, Mr. Rogers, M. Mariette, and Professor Owen—all of whom are sketched with vivacity, naturally from the point of view of their probable help or hindrance to his projects. A still more lively sketch is that of his merry, handy, hearty geologist and draughtsman, Mr. Milne, whom one enters at once upon the list of those one would like to know. At last (January, 1874), Dr. Beke was able to depart in a steamer on his voyage up the Gulf of Akaba, with the twofold aspiration of finding Mount Sinai at the top of it, and of finding Mount Sinai a volcano. His prayer was granted in so far as its fulfilment depended on himself: he did add another to the list of candidates for Sinaitic honours. The other half depended upon his geologist, and was dispersed to the winds by Mr. Milne's inability to discover the least trace of volcanic action in the neighbourhood. With honourable candour Dr. Beke at once acknowledged his error, and set about fortifying his position by other bulwarks. It is amusing and significant that the advocate of the Scripture history should have striven to find a volcano in the hope of losing a miracle. Air and water, more tractable than the fiery element, helped him to get rid of another. He satisfied himself by ocular inspection that the Gulf of Akaba is much better adapted than the Gulf of Suez for the purpose of drowning Egyptian armies; that, in fact, Pharaoh and all his host might very well have perished in it without any supernatural interposition whatever. And this he thinks an excellent reason for placing Sinai near Akaba! Can a stronger illustration be produced of the utter decay of belief in miracle? On his return, however, Dr. Beke was sorely discomposed by a casual encounter with Dr. Brugsch, who coolly informed him that the idea of Pharaoh having perished in any branch of the Red Sea was a vulgar error and a gross delusion, inasmuch as the catastrophe really occurred in the Serbonian Lake, and kindly offered to furnish him with any amount of hieroglyphics, where he would find the fact as stated. Poor Dr. Beke, an Egyptologist of the pre-Champollionian era, was naturally quite unable to pursue Dr. Brugsch among his hieratics, and had to content himself with anathematising this fallacious study. It is beyond our competence to offer any decided opinion on the matter. Dr. Brugsch's views certainly appear *primâ facie* to introduce a most refreshing amount of common sense into the discussion, and, should they be confirmed, the rival Sinaitic theorists will be obliged to unite their forces to vindicate Mount Sinai's claim to any place in history at all. With every disposition to allow weight to Dr. Beke's authority, we are unable to see that he adduces any stronger fact in support of his alleged identification of Sinai with Jebel Baghir at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Akaba than that of his having discovered a mountain nearly in the place where he expected to find one. But *a* mountain is not necessarily *the* mountain. He is more successful in pointing out the inconclusiveness of the traditional evidence in favour of the peaks in the Sinaitic peninsula, but the testimony which in their case is weak seems in the case of Jebel Baghir to be wanting altogether.

Mrs. Beke's perseverance and devotion in the publication of her husband's researches are beyond praise. She has shown much courage in printing the correspondence which ensued in *The Times* and other journals upon his return to England. The rougher the treatment he encountered, the more commendable is the equanimity he displayed. Mr. Milne's reports are, no doubt, interesting to geologists: ordinary readers will wish them shorter. Dr. Beke's private letters are by far the most entertaining portion of the work, and, fortunately, by far the largest. Taken altogether, the volume is a fitting monument to a remarkable man. We should be glad if it served to remind the dispensers of the national bounty of the inadequate recognition he obtained in his lifetime, and of the existence of a representative of his name and work who has herself laboured to good purpose in the cause of science.

## MR. PATMORE'S EARLY POEMS.

*Amelia, Tamerton Church Tower, &c. With a prefatory study of English Metrical Law.* By Coventry Patmore. G. Bell and Sons.

It is very difficult, and for contemporaries perhaps impossible, to determine Mr. Patmore's exact position among poets. He has, without a shadow of doubt, a genuine vein of inspiration, a touch of that subtle quality that gives life and breath to verse. When he is not *doctrinaire* and perverse, he possesses that rare gift of style which is so seldom granted to second-class English authors, and the lack of which in them Mr. Matthew Arnold has harmoniously bewailed. In short, Mr. Patmore was meant to be a poet of high attainments, but, though the power was there, the will was lacking. There are few such instances of intentional stultification; rarely is a poet to be found who will reverse the prophetic blessing of Og, and insist, "I will be dull." But Mr. Patmore, who can, if he likes, write with the polished elegance of Prior, the delicate distinction of Tennyson, deliberately prefers in most of his pages to be washy, puerile, and conventional. He is the very by-word of banality; he trots out the domestic virtues one by one, and leads them in a tame procession round the garden-walk of common-place. There is not a pleasant prosy habit of middle-class life that Mr. Patmore does not profane with his trivialities; and, notwithstanding, this most exasperating writer is a true poet. This paradoxical kind of intellect is very puzzling to the critic, who is apt to lose his temper over it, and fail to do justice to its better qualities. Time, that has duly settled the claims of Heywood and Cooper, will no doubt be able to find Mr. Patmore's place in literature; but, we repeat, it is more than his contemporaries can presume to do.

The volume before us appears to be the first instalment of a library edition of the works of Mr. Patmore. It contains pieces that come under three categories; first, juvenile and early poems, reprinted and revised from the volumes of 1843 and 1853; secondly, a few things appended last year to 'The Unknown Eros;' and, lastly, one or two new poems. Of the last, 'Amelia,' which we believe we are right in saying is now printed for the first time, is by far the most important, and, indeed, ranks among the most remarkable of its author's productions. The opening quotation contains a charming idea stiffly expressed:—

> Whene'er mine eyes do my Amelia greet,
> It is with such emotion
> As when, in childhood, turning a dim street,
> I first beheld the ocean.

Amelia is a frank, untutored girl, who lives

> where the little, bright, surf-breathing town,
> That shewed me first her beauty and the sea,
> Gathers its skirts against the gorse-gilt down.

She has a melancholy and suspicious mother, who will not hear of her betrothal to the poet, being "cunning evermore to balk sweet separate talk," when, at last, one evening she gives way, in the well-known exemplary manner characteristic of Mr. Patmore's creations, "to urgent pleas, and promise to behave as she were there," and consents to trust Amelia with the poet, who takes her to the grave of Millicent, his "once-betrothed." Hitherto the poem has been in the Tennysonian style, but now Mr. Patmore puts on his Miltonic sock:—

> And there Amelia stood, for fairness shewn
> Like a young apple-tree, in flush'd array
> Of white and ruddy flow'r, auroral, gay,
> With chilly blue the maiden branch between.

So thereupon they start for the churchyard, and meet astonishing things on the way, such as buttercups that "rend the air with praise," and great chestnuts that "raise themselves abroad like cliffs of bloom," as if flowering chestnut-trees were ever like cliffs, and not conical, like tapering staircases. If we are to be realistic, pray let us be accurate. And when Amelia heard the cuckoo, she put off or "did doff" her silence, and became a charming chatterbox. This singular conversation then ensued:—

> Of "what is gladness without gratitude,
> And what is gratitude without a god?"
> And of delight, the guerdon of His laws,
> She spake, in learned mood;
> And I, of Him loved reverently, as Cause,
> Her sweetly, as Occasion of all good.

But when they came to the low gray church where Millicent lay buried, they ceased to ride the theological high horse, and we come to this exquisite and almost perfect passage:—

> While, therefore, now
> Her pensive footstep stirred
> The darnell'd garden of unheedful Death,
> She asked what Millicent was like, and heard
> Of eyes like hers, and honeysuckle breath,
> And of a wiser than a woman's brow,
> Yet filled with only woman's love, and how
> An incidental greatness character'd
> Her unconsider'd ways.
> But all my praise
> Amelia thought too slight for Millicent,
> And on my lovelier-freighted arm she leant,
> For more attent;
> And the tea-rose I gave,
> To deck her breast, she dropped upon the grave.
> "And this was hers," said I, decoring with a band
> Of mildest pearls Amelia's milder hand.
> "Nay, I will wear it for *her* sake," she said:
> For dear to maidens are their rivals dead.

But the result of this complaisance was very sad; for, quite forgetting the promise to the mother to "behave as she were there," the poet

> Lifted to his lips a sandall'd foot,
> And kissed it three times thrice without dispute.

After which they wended slowly home, noticing a number of pretty things by the way, till at last he "the daughter gave,

> Showy as damask-rose and shy as musk,
> Back to her mother, anxious in the dusk,

and went away content and happy. This poem is poor in subject, and full of phrases that are perverse and affected, and yet we feel it to be quite in keeping with the paradoxical nature of Mr. Patmore's verse that the more we read "Amelia" the more we like it, and that we come at last to enjoy even the passages we cannot but laugh at.

The pleasant tripping poem of "Tamerton Church Tower," by which the author first became known, re-appears in this volume under its final revision. Many readers who have not met with it for years will enjoy this opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with a work that foreshadowed the more conscious and more accomplished cycle of "The Angel in the House." It suffers, as most of Mr. Patmore's poetry suffers, from poverty of theme; there is absolutely no story worth speaking of in the piece, yet it is supposed to stand or fall by its anecdotal interest. In point of fact, it does live by its brief flashes of description and emotional truth, such as the picture of the storm:—

> The string of rooks had travell'd on,
> Against the southern shroud,
> And, *like some snaky skeleton,*
> *Lay twisted in the cloud.*

Or the portrait of the Vicar's daughter, Ruth:—

> And in the maiden path she trod,
> Fair was the wife foreshown,
> *A Mary in the house of God,*
> *A Martha in her own.*
> Charms for the sight she had; but these
> Were tranquil, grave, and chaste,
> And all too beautiful to please
> A rash, untutor'd taste.

Among the other early poems we find resuscitated, and, as it were, galvanised by modern improvements, "The Yew-Berry," "The River," "The Falcon," and "The Woodman's Daughter," pieces that belong to the history of poetic development in our time, and which were extravagantly admired when the present generation was in its first youth, but which are too *naïve* not to provoke a smile. They form, notwithstanding, a link between Tennyson and the poetry of "The Germ," which it would be a great pity to lose. Of later poems, "The Barren Shore" is, perhaps, the most musical and finished. Such fragments, in the manner of "The Angel in the House," as "The Rosy-bosom'd Hours" and "The After-Glow" are not much to our taste; they are banal without being accomplished enough to rest on style alone. "Night and Sleep" has a very subtle and delicate music, more like

the best melodies of Mr. O'Shaughnessy than anything else we are familiar with. This seems even better still:—

EROS.

Bright thro' the valley gallops the brooklet;
Over the welkin travels the cloud;
Touch'd by the zephyr, dances the harebell;
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud;
Two little children, seeing and hearing,
Hand in hand wander, shout, laugh and sing:
Lo, in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the spring.

Young men and women, noble and tender,
Yearn for each other, faith truly plight,
Promise to cherish, comfort, and honour;
Vow that makes duty one with delight.
O but the glory, found in no story,
Radiance of Eden, unquenched by the Fall;
Few may remember, none may reveal it,
This the first, first love—the first love of all!

In certain would-be humourous pieces, such as "A London Fête" and "The Girl of All Periods," we are irresistibly reminded again of "MacFlecknoe." The modern Og has, indeed, in these verses, chosen for his command "a peaceful province in Acrostic land;" the worst of it is that Og could do no better, while Mr. Patmore can do no worse.

We have no time to review at length the prefatory study on English Metrical Law. It is ingenious and scrupulously exact in expression, and is conceived in a dignified spirit, but errs in recording as legitimate canons of rythmic art irregularities that are only to be pardoned in genius, not recommended to immaturity. For instance, it is dangerous to attempt, by any public recognition of time, to regulate the varied pauses that enliven and illuminate the best English verse. If once we drop the jog-trot measurement of lines by feet, on the ground that, what we call an iambus has, in fact, by an irregularity, become a trochee, we open the door to every sort of extravagance. By all means, let young people continue to be taught to scan in the old mechanical way. If they are poets, they will learn intuitively to arrange their time; if they are not, we shall be saved at least one abuse in their "deciduous trash." Mr. Patmore's remarks about the dignity and service of rhymes, on the other hand, are worthy of all consideration, and his defence of the art of versification is nobly and vigorously worded. The whole of this study on metre, in short, is highly interesting, whether the reader agrees with it in detail or not. It is singular to find a poet defending with such dignity the theory of an art that he seems, in practice, so often to defy.

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## TOURGENIEF'S LAST NOVEL.

*Virgin Soil.* By I. S. Tourgénief. Translated by Ashton W. Dilke. London: Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Ashton Dilke says in his preface that one of his objects in translating Tourgénief's last novel was to help Englishmen towards "a better acquaintance with a noble and deeply-maligned people, which has suffered long, but for which the dawn of freedom seems breaking as ever in misery and bloodshed." Of one thing the readers of this admirable translation may be assured, that they do not get from Tourgénief too flattering a portrait of his countrymen. For many years it has been his chief work to reproduce in his novels the changing phases of Russian society, but he has acquired an almost cosmopolitan impartiality by living much in France and Germany. By thus standing back, as it were, from his subject, and taking a comprehensive view, he has avoided losing himself in details, and has been able to write about his countrymen as an outsider; and though he has something of that favour for what he deems to be admirable which it is impossible for a writer not to feel when painting his own kith and kin for the information of Europe, he has held up the mirror to what he deems to be objectionable with such steadiness as to give no slight offence to less enlightened and impartial patriots. This last novel, in particular, has raised him up many enemies among Russian critics, who accuse him of playing the spy as it were upon national infirmities. If, therefore, it is calculated to give us a better opinion of the healthy elements of social life in Russia than we are accustomed to entertain in this country, we may hold to this opinion without any fear that we have been led astray by strongly biassed testimony. We may at least be sure that we have in 'Virgin Soil' a more trustworthy view of certain sections of 'The Russians of To-day' than a clever writer has recently compiled for us under that title from the novels of Gogol and other lively native satirists.

The hero of the novel, Alexei Dmitrievitch Nejdanof, is a member of one of those Socialistic secret societies of which, as Mr. Dilke says, we hear so much and know so little. The illegitimate son of a Russian Prince, a student at the University of St. Petersburg, compelled by his father's orders to choose "æsthetics," that is, the school of History and Philology, as his subject of study, this being, in the nobleman's opinion, of a less unsettling tendency than more severe studies, Nejdanof has yet come under the influence of the socialist propaganda. He has a turn for writing verses, but is ashamed of it, and keeps his manuscripts locked up in his desk. He is so far committed to the Socialists that he holds himself ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice from a mysterious Head Centre at Moscow. Yet he is not at all at ease in his faith. He has violent fits of enthusiasm in which he talks with a kind of intoxication about the immediate urgency of social regeneration; but these violent heats alternate with fits of despondency, during which he doubts his own fitness for the great work to which at other moments he feels himself called, and cannot listen without irritation to the calm earnestness of his less moody friends—Ostrodumof, a dull, resolute, downright fellow-student, and Mashurina, a plain-featured, simple-hearted, steadily enthusiastic female student of medicine. Nejdanof, in short, is at war with himself; hot and cold by turns; impetuous and cautious, loyal and neutral all in a moment; stepping forward to be cynical and coarse in his language, then suddenly shrinking back in fastidious revulsion, holding it a duty to ridicule all ideals, yet creating ideals and giving his whole soul to them in spite of himself. In choosing this unstable, impressionable youth and his comrades of more limited intelligence and more stubborn sentiment, as the types of the young generation of Socialists and Nihilists, M. Tourgénief has very clearly indicated the scope of the movement. These Nihilist secret societies, as Mr. Mackenzie Wallace has told us, have their seats at the Universities; their principles originate with young men in whom the moral faculties predominate over the practical intellect, and they find adherents among sensitive, imaginative youths, who feel strongly that the world is out of joint, and are half captivated by schemes for setting it right, half dismayed by the overwhelming strength of the established system of things.

In Paklin, another young student, sprightly, prying, fond of cynical banter, whose main impulse is curiosity, who likes to know everybody's secrets, and pushes himself into the intimacy of the Socialists out of sheer inquisitiveness, we have another marked type of Socialist recruit. In Nejdanof, Ostrodumof, Paklin, and Mashurina, M. Tourgénief has almost exhausted the leading types of the members of these secret societies at the Universities, the great recruiting ground of the movement. It would not be difficult to parallel them from our own Universities. But M. Tourgénief shows us also the kind of moving spirits that Socialism presses into its service in the outer world, and the attitude adopted towards it and them by other sections of which the Russian community is composed, official politicians, the "material" upper class, the "vulgar" middle class, and the "brutal" lower class. The following is his picture of the recruit that Socialism enlists from the class of impoverished nobles:—

Markélof—for we must say a few words of him—was six years older than his sister Sipiágina. He was educated in an artillery school, whence he came out an officer, but, having attained the rank of captain, he resigned from a disagreement with his colonel, a German. Since that time he had hated all Germans, especially Russian Germans. His father quarelled with him on account of his resignation, and they did not meet again before the old man's death, but he left Markélof the village in which he had settled. In Petersburg he frequently met several clever persons of advanced opinions, whom he worshipped; they finally fixed his ideas in one groove. He read

little, and chiefly books connected with the "cause," especially Herzen. He retained his military habits, and lived like a Spartan or a monk. A few years back he had fallen deeply in love with a girl; but she jilted him most unceremoniously, and married an aide-de-camp, also a German. Markélof took a hatred to all aides-de-camp. He tried to write essays on his special subject—the shortcomings of our artillery; but he had no talent for explanation; he could not even finish a single essay, yet he continued to cover large sheets of grey paper with his clumsy, round, childish writing. Markélof was obstinate and fearless, even to recklessness; he could neither forgive nor forget, and was always angry, both at his own sufferings and those of all persecuted people; and he was ready for anything. His narrow mind was concentrated on one point; all that he did not understand had no existence for him, but he despised and hated all lies and double-dealing. With people of the upper classes the "reács," as he called them, he was abrupt and even rude; with the people, simple; the peasant he treated as he would a brother. He was a middling landlord; certain socialistic notions were always whirling about his brain, which he could no more put into definite shape than he could finish his essays on the shortcomings of the artillery. He never succeeded—never and in nothing; his fellow-cadets called him the unlucky. Sincere, straightforward, passionate, and unhappy, he might, under certain circumstances, have turned out merciless and bloodthirsty, might have earned the name of a monster, but he could also have sacrificed himself without hesitation or regret.

This is vivid portrait-painting, and all M. Tourgénief's personages are drawn with equal art. The blatant self-sufficient merchant Goloushkin, who welcomes the Socialist apostles with boisterous patronage, loudly proclaims his enjoyment of their tall talk against the aristocracy, gets drunk with them at his table, and dismisses them with a bountiful subscription to their cause, is almost a more masterly portrait than Markélof. But M. Tourgénief does not represent Socialism in Russia as being composed entirely of such base and fickle ingredients. He draws a portrait also of what may be called a practical Socialist, a steady, sober manager of a factory, a man of the people, whose sympathies are with the people, and who encourages the dissemination of Socialist ideas, though he does not think that the time has come for carrying them into effect. Solomin is a sort of Russian Alton Locke or Felix Holt, but less windy, talkative, and unpractical. He is, above everything, practical; he says little, but is always self-possessed, always ready with wise counsel in an emergency, always calmly aware of the right thing to do. Among other suggestive touches in his portrait of this man, who is an ideal reformer according to the English standard of what a reformer ought to be, M. Tourgénief mentions that though he had brought his factory into excellent working order, and had rescued its proprietor from bankruptcy, it had an untidy look, which, if it had been in the hands of a German manager, would have argued wastefulness and inefficiency. Solomin had strengthened rather than weakened his authority, and had increased the productive energy of his workmen by conforming to their national habit of untidiness. He did not waste his powers by struggling against the impossible, and he succeeded where a foreign manager, who had made the workmen uncomfortable and discontented by his strict notions about neatness, had failed. If there are many men with the solidity and practical good sense of Solomin among the Russian population, they have a great future before them.

The sort of encouragement that the ideas of the Young Russian party receive from official circles is exemplified and explained in the person of Sipiagin, a liberal statesman and polished gentleman, who is half convinced of the wisdom of giving free play to the modern spirit as one of the elements of healthy national life, and puts himself in opposition to it only when it threatens to become dangerous to public security. But it would be impossible within the limits of a short review to give any idea of the skilful touches by which this portrait is elaborately built up—the man in all his deep-seated traits and superficial affectations of manner and opinion being presented with such dramatic impartiality that it is impossible to detect any personal bias in the hand of the painter. M. Tourgénief's novels may be deficient in vivid interest of story, but it would be difficult to find his superior as a describer of manners and character. The translator of 'Virgin Soil' may well say that "those who read this novel with understanding may retain a more correct impression of Russian Socialism than many who have studied the question through the light of correspondent or essayist."

## THOMAS TUSSER'S HUSBANDRY.

*Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie.* By Thomas Tusser. (English Dialect Society, Series D. Miscellaneous.) Edited by W. Payne and S. J. Herrtage. Trübner and Co.

The English Dialect Society is doing good work in collecting the dialectic peculiarities which still hold their ground in the various shires and districts of England against the encroaching waves of uniform grammar; and we are glad to see, from the report of the Society for 1877, that they are meeting with sufficient support to be able to show a satisfactory balance-sheet. Such a book as Tusser's 'Husbandry' falls well within the scope of their project, which seems to be not merely to collect dialectic words and forms in present use, but to trace, as far as possible, the history of the dialects. Tusser's was a practical manual addressed to simple country folk, and, speaking to them as he did of all the concerns of their everyday life, he must have used nearly the whole of their limited vocabulary. The editors of this reprint have done their work carefully, collating various editions, and providing a complete glossary. Still, if the study of dialects were not in its infancy, we might reasonably complain of a certain want of thoroughness. Several questions occur to the reader about which they say nothing. They do not even tell us in what particulars Tusser's grammar was dialectic, a subject on which we might have expected a word, seeing that Tusser, though a practical farmer, had the rare peculiarity for a farmer of those days of having received a University training, and served for ten years at Court in the train of Lord Paget. Nor do we find in the glossary any statement as to the dialects in which Tusser's terms of husbandry and housewifery now survive, or whether they are still common to all dialects. We should also have liked to know whether any of Tusser's maxims still survive in the common speech of any part of England. Perhaps, however, the solution of such questions belongs to a more advanced stage of the labours of the Dialect Society than they have at present reached, and we should rather express our thanks to Mr. Herrtage for his honest work upon the text than complain of the scantiness of his information upon points that could not be settled without an enormous extension of the area of his labours.

The quaint maxims of the Goldsmith of the sixteenth century were well worth the trouble that Mr. Herrtage and his coadjutors have taken with them. Like that of the Man in Black, Tusser's wisdom was more theoretical than practical. The incongruity between the precepts and the practice of the man who "teaching thrift, himself could never thrive," who "spread his bread with all sorts of butter, yet none could stick thereon," seems greatly to have tickled the fancy of the wits of the generations succeeding his own. Mr. Herrtage doubts whether the legend of Tusser's ill success in the world, in spite of all his wisdom, is borne out by the terms of his will, and it is possible that the legend had its origin in the temptation to make a joke at the wise teacher's expense, though, on the other hand, it is probable enough that Tusser's wisdom was bought with painful experience. At any rate, according to his own account, his life was by no means even and stationary. He was born at Rivenhall, in Essex, about 1525, "of lineage good, of gentle blood." Unfortunately for himself, he had a fine voice, and his father, disregarding his mother's tears and his own cries, sent him to Wallingford College to be taught singing. Of this period of his life his recollections were far from pleasant:—

O painfull time, for euerie crime,
What toesed eares, like baited beares!
What bobbed lips, what ierks, what nips?
what hellish toies!
What robes, how bare! what colledge fare!
What bread, how stale! what pennie Ale!
Then Wallingford, how wart thou abhord
of sillie boies!

From Wallingford he was taken by a King's commissioner, who had a "placard" to impress singing-boys for His Majesty's service, and he studied music under John Redford,

the organist of St. Paul's, to whom he pays a graceful compliment. His next change of life was not so fortunate:—

From Paules I went, to Eton sent,
To learn streight waies, the latin phraies,
Where fiftie three stripes giuen to mee,
at once I had:
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pas, thus beat I was,
See Udall see, the mercie of thee,
to me poore lad.

He fared better at Trinity Hall, Cambridge:—

There ioy I felt, there trim I dwelt,
There heaven from hell, I shifted well,
With learned men, a number then
The time I past.

A life of study seems then to have been Tusser's ambition, but ill-health made him fain to "leave his book, to prove and look" how faithful service was rewarded at Court. He expresses his thanks to Lord Paget, who enriched him with many a pound; but ten years experience of "the cards and dice, with Venus vice" of the Court was enough for him; he came to the conclusion that, though some had the art to come to worship, he had not; he shrank, too, from the strife of parties that followed upon the death of Henry VIII., and, on the whole, he judged it prudent to marry and settle as a farmer at Katewade in Suffolk. But it was in vain that he sought peace and rest in the country. His wife fell ill, and he had to remove to Ipswich for the sake of her health. She died, and he was induced by some "Norfolk wiles, so full of guiles," which he vaguely hints at, to marry a second time, and take another farm at West Diram Abbey. From that he was driven by the quarrels of his landlord to Norfolk, where he narrowly escaped dying of a painful disease. Then he leased the tithes of Fairsted in Essex, but he soon tired of trudging daily over bad roads dunning Jack and Jill for their tithes, threw up his lease in disgust, and retired to London. Expelled from London by the plague in 1573, he found a refuge in Trinity Hall, being engaged, it is conjectured, in the choir. In his short metrical autobiography, he expressed a hope that he might end his days in Trinity, but he died in London in 1580.

Tusser's work passed through many editions in his life time, being gradually enlarged by him from one hundred points of good husbandry to five hundred points of good husbandry "united to as many of good housewifery." As late as 1744, a publisher advertised an edition of it as "a work very necessary and useful for gentlemen as well as occupiers of land, whether wood, ground, or tillage, and pasture." The mixture of moral with practical saws makes it very quaint reading now, but one can imagine that it served as a useful time-table to the farmer, with its racy metrical abstracts of the operations proper to each month of the year, and that it was resorted to also as an aid to good resolutions in such matters as borrowing, lending, giving to the poor, keeping the best procurable stock, and esteeming cheapness wasteful in the provision of agricultural implements. One can imagine the Elizabethan farmer saying to himself—

By tits and such
Few gaineth much,

and "best is the best whatsoever ye pay," when tempted to buy lean and ragged cattle at a bargain; or screwing himself to the pitch of saying "no" to an importunate borrower with the maxim—

Feu lends (but fools)
Their working tooles;

or, refreshing his memory at the proper time with such "remembrances" as

Plant respe, and rose,
And such as those.

Set garlicke and pease,
St. Edmond to please.

Sheepe wriggling taile
Hath mads without faile.

Looking through Tusser's maxims to see whether they contain any traces of the grievances of the farmers of the time, we do not find any reference to the great game question which holds so prominent a place in modern agriculture. Tusser alludes to hunting and hawking without any appearance of soreness. The farmer's great enemy in those days was not the game-preserving squire, a grievance of later growth, but the prowling thief, against whom he issues many warnings:—

At noone if it bloweth, at night if it shine,
out trudgeth Hew make shift, with hooke & with line:
Whiles Gillett, his blouse, is a milking thy cow,
Sir Hew is a rigging thy gate or the plow.

Such walke with a black or a red little cur,
that open wil quickly, if anything stur;
Then squatteth the master, or trudgeth away,
and after dog runneth as fast as he may.

Some prowleth for fewel, and some away rig
fat goose, and the capon, duck, hen, and the pig:
Some prowleth for acornes, to fat vp their swine,
for corne and for apples, and al that is thine.

Tusser held a very strong opinion about the advantage of "several" or enclosed land over "champion" or open common land. He discourses at great length on this subject, enlarging chiefly upon the facilities given to idle prowlers by open land, and on the unfair use of his prerogatives by the lord of the soil:—

Example by Leicester shire,
what soile can be better than that?
For any thing hart can desire,
and yet doth it want ye see what,
Mast, couert, close pasture, and wood,
and other things needfull as good.

All these doo enclosure bring,
experience teacheth no lesse,
I speake not to boast of the thing,
but onely a trothe to expresse.
Example (if doubt ye doo make):
by Suffolke and Essex go take.

More plentie of mutton and biefe,
corne, butter, and cheese of the best,
More wealth any where (to be briefe),
more people, more handsome and prest,
Where find ye? (go search any coast)
than there where enclosure is most.

More worke for the labouring man,
as well in the towne as the feeld:
Or thereof (deuise if ye can)
more profit what countries doo yeeld?
More seldome where see ye the poore,
go begging from doore vnto doore?

In Norfolke behold the dispaire
of tillage too much to be borne;
By droners from faire to faire,
and others destroieing the corne.
By custome and couetous pates,
by gaps, and by opening of gates.

What speake I of commoners by,
with drawing all after a line:
So noieing the corne, as it ly,
with cattle, with conies, and swine.
When thou hast bestowed thy cost,
looke halfe of the same to be lost.

The flocks of the Lords of the soile
do yeerly the winter corne wrong:
The same in a manner they spoile,
with feeding so lowe and so long.
And therefore that champion feeld
doth seldome good winter corne yeeld.

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## SEAFORTH.

*Seaforth.* By Florence Montgomery. Bentley and Son.

The authoress of 'Misunderstood' is sure to obtain a wide circulation for anything which she may write. For, while her later books have certainly failed to rival the singular sweetness and pathos of that wonderful story, yet there is in every thing which proceeds from her mind a delicacy and refinement which are specially welcome among the competing vulgarities and pretensions of contemporary fiction. The present

book is a decided improvement in one respect over all of Miss Montgomery's previous works. It has a real plot. We do not mean a plot which would satisfy Mr. Collins or Miss Braddon, or even one sufficient to meet the slighter exigencies of Mr. Trollope. But after 'Thrown Together' one welcomes a plot of any kind. The main incident on which the story of 'Seaforth' turns is, if we mistake not, to be found with slight variations in Ouida's 'Under Two Flags.' It is a painful subject in itself, and one which readily suggests all kinds of casuistical arguments more curious than edifying in their nature. All we shall say about it here is that no one can help admiring the conduct of Godfrey Seaforth, and that few people can regard its result as satisfactory from the utilitarian or any other moral standard. Perhaps, an accomplished writer might find more healthy and profitable occupation for her pen. A greater personage than Ouida is suggested by some parts of this book. The shrewd simplicity with which Godfrey encounters the conventionalities of society cannot fail to recall the interesting though brief career of l'Ingénu. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that the wit and the impropriety of Voltaire are alike absent from Miss Montgomery's pages, but in Godfrey's initiation by Lady Alicia Fullerton there are passages, such as the following, which savour not a little of Voltaire. Godfrey has asked what "good society" means:—

"These things are so difficult to explain," she said; "one understands them one's-self, and a season in London would teach you better than any words of mine what 'good society' is, and what it is to be 'in' or 'not in' society. I suppose, to put it in plain words, to be 'in society' means to be in *fashionable* society. But I have never tried to put these things into words before, and I really find it very difficult. How to define good society, or fashionable society accurately, I don't know. Well, now, for instance, you would be sure to meet only people everybody knows, or wishes to know. They would be all worth knowing, if you understand."

"I see," put in Godfrey, "all clever, or famous, or distinguished for something. It must be very pleasant."

"Well, no; not exactly that," said Lady Alicia, moving rather restlessly in her chair. "It's no use, Mr. Seaforth, I *cannot* explain it to you. When one comes to put it into words everything one says sounds foolish and a little vulgar."

It may be remarked, by the way, that almost all the characters in 'Seaforth' have handles to their names of some kind, and that the few who have not are closely connected with people who have. The book will, therefore, doubtless be popular in the servants' hall, though we are far from suggesting that its general tone in any way resembles the "latest thing in journalism." Some such reason may suffice to account for the general insipidity of the conversation, since, in good society, as George Eliot says, "principles and beliefs are not only of an extremely moderate kind, but are always presupposed, no subjects being eligible but such as can be touched with a light and graceful irony," and consequently talk is apt to be dull. But there is one subject which always rouses Miss Montgomery to do her best, and in her treatment of which she is always at her highest level. We mean the great and important subject of children. What can be more naturally delightful than this bit of description?—

I have seen a man hide under the table to play "Peep-bo" with a very young child. He at first appears from beneath and says "Peep!" The child is delighted; and, pleased with the success of his attempt, the man retires again under the table to make the finish-off of the sentence more effective by reappearing from beneath in quite another direction. But by the time he emerges, flushed and dishevelled, with the "Bo!" the child is no longer there. It has got tired of the game, and has walked off to another part of the room in search of a fresh diversion.

I have noticed, too, the anguish endured by the young mother on this and similar occasions; more especially when the entertainment has been provided by some one she herself knows is being most especially condescending, and acting in a most unusual manner; perhaps even putting a strain upon himself for her sake.

And I have caught the whispered entreaty to the remorseless child, "Do, darling, go and look behind the curtain. There's poor grandpapa been roaring away for such a long time."

Bertie Manners, again, with his grief for the death of the "Mayor (? Lord Mayor) of York," and his general disposition to regard any gloomy event in the light of a personal injury, is worthy of the creator of Miles and Humphrey, and escapes far beyond anything in 'Helen's Babies' or 'Other People's Children.' Profoundly touching, too, is the description at the beginning of this book of little Joan, the child who was "not wanted" by either father or mother, pouring out her sorrows to the picture of her ancestor until she meets with a human comforter in the person of the hero. If Miss Montgomery would stick to her proper subject she would be without a rival in English literature, living or dead.

But we must take people as we find them, and Miss Montgomery is not uniformly successful with grown-up folks. Indeed, her power may almost be said to be in inverse proportion to the age of the person with whom she is dealing. Joan Seaforth and Marion and Bertie Manners are as nearly perfect as the infirmities of creative genius will allow. Colin Fraser, as an Eton boy, is thoroughly natural and pleasant, if our readers will admit the possibility of the union. Godfrey Seaforth, as a young man, is no doubt a bit of a prig, but he has many interesting qualities, and may, on the whole, be pronounced a success. But the elder Godfrey and Lord Seaforth, and Lady Seaforth, and Lady Alicia Fullerton, and Hester Stanhope are mere examples of "moral virtues and their contrary vices," who flit like shadows through the narrative, and impress one with no sort of reality. There is one young lady who falls in love with a precipitate decision worthy of Juliet Capulet, but is not otherwise interesting. Even she, however, is attractive as a child, and that her attraction for every one, except Mr. Fraser, should cease with her childhood, is but another proof of the general view which we have propounded. We regret to add that there is a good deal of slipshod English in Seaforth. Nothing can be easier for a person with Miss Montgomery's experience than to write with grammatical accuracy, and she really might be expected to know the meaning of the word "venial" (p. 19). What is the significance of the statements that the Seaforths did not come of age till five and twenty, and how the birth of Lord Seaforth's daughter made his nephew heir to the Seaforth property we must profess ourselves unable to determine. Nor do we see that obtaining money by signing another man's name to a cheque ceases to be forgery if the two names happen to be the same. But these are trifles, and we wish they were the only weak points in a book which, so far as it deals with the subject Miss Montgomery has made her own, is as nearly faultless as can be.

## MUSIC.

### CARMEN.

In spite of virtuous indignation against the "star" system and prima donna worship, we feel bound to open our notice of Bizet's opera, "Carmen," first performed at Her Majesty's Theatre last Saturday, with a word of admiration for Miss Minnie Hauk, who played the part of the heroine in that work. To say that she did not shirk any of the realistic requirements of the part, and that, at the same time, she succeeded in gaining for it the favour of the audience, is, perhaps, the highest form our praise can take. For, even amongst the numerous frail beings who are tolerated on the Italian boards, Carmen marks an exceptionally low standard of virtue. Violetta and La Favorita are not models of morality, but they have, at least, a tender heart to plead for their weakness. But Carmen has no heart at all. She bandies about her lovers as a juggler does knives or glittering balls, occasionally dropping them, and taking them up again, as the whim takes her; and it is, therefore, little matter of regret that one of these toys ultimately turns against her and strikes her to the heart. Here, then, it becomes the task of the actress, and one of the most difficult tasks the drama has cognisance of, to move the hearer's interest, and even sympathy, by mere dint of artistic beauty. And this has been done by Miss Hauk in a manner which inspired not only the audience but also her fellow artists. We do not hesitate to attribute a great part of the spirit and *verve* which marked the whole performance to her influence. Especially was this the case with Don José, her victim and her bane. Signor Campanini, the representative of that ungrateful part, acted and sang with an earnestness of sustained passion which we have

not previously noticed in him. Signor del Puente, as Escamillo, another of Carmen's lovers, also gave great satisfaction, especially with regard to the vocal portion of his task, and Mlle. Alwina Valleria, in the character of Michaela, Don José's faithful, though forsaken love, was fully equal to the delicate task that had fallen to her share. As a vocalist this intelligent singer is simply invaluable. Of the plot of the opera we think it needless to speak at length. Many of our readers are probably familiar with Merimée's famous novel, from which the dramatists, MM. Meilhac and Halévy have derived the story, and for those who are not, it will suffice to say that the scene is laid in modern Spain, that Carmen, the heroine, is a gipsy girl who first captivates Don José a soldier, and after having made him desert from his regiment, jilts him for Escamillo, a toreador; whereat her first lover in a mad fit of jealousy, kills her.

For the musician such a plot contains incalculable advantages, and on the other hand temptations as dangerous. The characters, as has been said, are Spaniards and gipsies, and there are, perhaps, no other two nationalities equally rich in tunes and rhythms invaluable to the composer wishing to localise and individualise his subject. The danger lies in the temptation of using these legitimate means of characterisation to excess; and this danger it was almost impossible to escape where such a character as Carmen had to be dealt with. Carmen is an elementary being, without the feelings and sympathies of ordinary humanity. Her only delights are dancing and singing, and finery and flirtation, in the most superficial sense of the word. Of passion there is no trace in her nature, and in the entire course of the opera she appears serious only once, when the cards consulted by her as to her lovers tell her of sudden and violent death. This disposition of mind is naturally reflected in the music. Spanish dance tunes, in more than one instance founded on genuine popular melodies are her natural mode of expression. In them the subtle feline grace of her being finds a perfect musical equivalent; but music, foremost amongst arts, requires genuine emotion, and of that the character of the heroine is, as we said, totally devoid. The same remark applies in a modified sense to the whole piece. Most of the characters are types rather than individuals. They are in the first instance Spaniards, in the second only men and women, and the musician accordingly often forgets the purely human element over the external means of delineation already alluded to. The gravest deficiency of M. Bizet's score may indeed be summed up in the words that it is surcharged with *couleur locale*. But this fact ought not to blind us to the great beauties of an opera which, from a dramatic point of view, is the most important work the modern French school has produced since "La Muette de Portici," with the exception only of certain scenes in Gounod's "Faust." Bizet, unlike M. Gounod, is not an eclectic musician. He has a very distinct style of his own—a style not free from harshnesses and awkwardnesses, but showing an earnest desire for original and powerful delineation of character, as far as this can be legitimately achieved by musical means, and sometimes perhaps a little further. It is only in his instrumentation that the composer displays the piquancy and grace belonging more especially to his nation. In other respects he shows an uncompromising seriousness of purpose, generally considered to belong to Teutonic rather than to Celtic races. It is on this account, more than on any other, that the death of M. Bizet before he had reached the zenith of his power must be deplored as an irreparable loss to modern French art.

It remains to add that "Carmen" was received at Her Majesty's Theatre with every sign of approbation.

## VARIORUM NOTES.

Mr. O'Conor, the Irish Peasant Poet, who has shown in his *Songs of Life* the most unmistakeable gift of song, fresh and spontaneous as the notes of a bird and almost as untaught, makes an appeal to the charitable. Mr. O'Conor, who finds that he cannot live by poetry alone, and whose health prevents him from earning wages by manual labour, thinks that he has at last discovered a means of supporting himself and his family. He has been taking lessons in photography, and we have seen specimens of his skill which warrant him in believing that he might make a living as an itinerant photographer. One can imagine how the poor poet, who has no handicraft and only such book learning as he has given himself after hours of the hard toil for which he is now incapacitated, would enjoy this light and roving life. But, unfortunately, the photographer, on however humble a scale, needs a little stock of materials and implements, and this he has not the capital to buy. If only kind friends would give him a start! Mr. O'Conor makes his appeal with a childlike confidence in the generous instincts of his fellow creatures, and we hope it will not remain unanswered. We shall be glad to acknowledge and transmit subscriptions for him.

The published extracts from the diary and correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson were but a small portion of the materials which the diarist left behind him. A great deal of very interesting matter had to be kept back from regard for the feelings of living persons concerned. The complete diary and correspondence were left in charge of two trustees, with absolute discretion to use them as they pleased. Both the trustees are now dead, and Mr. Robinson's papers have been deposited in Dr. Williams's library in Grafton-street. We hope that access will now be given to them by the managers of this excellent library to those who wish to consult them for literary purposes, due precaution, of course, being taken that the privilege shall not be abused. The correspondence includes, we believe, letters from Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, Blake, and other celebrities.

The *Times* has been developing of late a wonderful luxuriance of metaphor, but it does not often attain the Corinthian splendour of the following sentence in a recent article on the Congress:—"It will be evident that when arrangements of this kind are made, Turkey will be reduced at its extremities, but will retain a solid kernel of rich territory, which will afford its statesmen or officials ample scope for their energies." A very hard nut indeed, whether they "go for" the extremities or the kernel.

It seems we were in error in stating that the Maidstone Museum, recently opened to the public on Sundays, was the first instance in which that privilege had been conceded. The statement was, perhaps, strictly true of museums, but we learn that Birmingham, so forward in all liberal good works, had already taken the lead in opening secular houses of instruction on Sundays. Mr. Jesse Collings writes to us as follows:—

In your notice of the opening of the Maidstone Museum on Sundays you say, "We believe it is the first case in this kingdom in which the privilege has been conceded." While heartily congratulating Maidstone on the wise course it has taken, will you allow me to point out that the Birmingham Town Council, in 1872, by a large majority, decided to open its free public library and art gallery on Sundays. This *was*, I believe, "the first case in the kingdom." There was a good deal of opposition at the time, but I think, after an experience of six years, the general opinion is that the movement has been a great success, that none of those fears which were sincerely felt by its opponents have been realised, and that it has been strongly conducive to the good order, well being, and morality of the town. There is hardly a pleasanter sight anywhere than that of our splendid library, filled, as it generally is on Sunday afternoons and evenings, with quiet and attentive readers; or that of our art gallery, full of visitors, mostly of the working classes—many with their wives and families—all examining and enjoying the pictures and other works of art, which, no doubt, form subjects of interest and conversation in the home during the week. This matter has been dealt with so ably in the pages of *The Examiner*, that I need not enlarge on the great advantages connected with it. It seems to me surprising that ministers of all denominations, and religious people generally, do not eagerly join, in the interest of morality and religion, to extend this movement as widely as possible. At any rate, the people, and the working classes especially, should insist, as a matter of justice, that institutions maintained out of the rates and taxes should not be closed on the one day on which they have leisure to visit and enjoy them.

By the death of Major-General M'Bean, V.C., we lose one of the three officers who have sometimes been alluded to as proofs that every soldier in the British Army carries the potentiality of a Marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. The other two are Colonel

M'Kay, commanding the 12th Foot; and Lieut.-Colonel Wadeson, V.C., commanding the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment. The former, we believe, was never engaged in active service, but owed his promotion from the ranks, and subsequent rapid rise in the service, to the good work he did in the department of Musketry Instruction. He was for a long time Colonel Hay's right hand man at Hythe, where he first acted as adjutant, and subsequently, if we mistake not, as second in command. After leaving Hythe he became a District Inspector of Musketry, and so worked his way upwards, by merit alone, until he reached the command of the 12th Regiment. More conspicuous, although not more meritorious, have been the services of Colonel Wadeson. He received his promotion from the ranks in 1857 for distinguished service at the battle of Budlee ke Serai, when acting as sergeant-major of the 75th Regiment. At a later period, during the siege of Delhi, he won the Victoria Cross by an act of great gallantry. From that date he had such a rapid run of promotion that he obtained his lieutenant-colonelcy and the command of the regiment in less than twenty years from the date of his first commission, without purchasing a single step. It would be a very good thing for the interests of the English Army if a few more instances of a similar sort could be pointed out.

Mr. Ogle, the *Times* correspondent, who was murdered in Thessaly, seems to have thought himself well prepared against possible danger. He said that he always carried with him a revolver, and that six lives would be in danger before his. On the particular day that he met his death he happened, however, by some strange mischance, to have left his revolver behind him.

The death is announced of Julius Faucher, lately a member of the extreme Radical party in the German Parliament. Dr. Faucher was well known to many in London. He was for some years foreign editor of the late *Morning Star*. He had left Germany after the events of 1848, and did not return thither until the early part of 1861, when he was elected in his absence a member of the Prussian Parliament. He then severed his connexion with London, and became a prominent opponent of the policy of Bismarck in the Berlin Chamber. His family were French by extraction, and he was a relative of Léon Faucher, the French financier and statesman. Dr. Faucher was a man of remarkable versatility. He could speak well, write well, knew several languages, and was a master of modern political history. He was a little eccentric in his opinions, and loved paradox as other men love literal truth. His weakness was an impulse always to sail against the stream, and to think what nobody else thought.

Some interesting relics of George Washington have been offered for sale to the American Government by one of the old Virginian families. These include a remarkable life-size portrait of Washington; an account book, containing all his receipts and expenditure for twenty years; and a candelabrum said to have held the candles by whose light the Declaration of Independence was signed.

The Tweed administration of New York has been recently rivalled on a small scale in a district of Hungary, where no less than three magistrates have been removed from their office for the joint-robbery of a fur-coat. One of the number has been since discovered to be quite an old hand at petty larceny.

Mr. Edison, it seems, claims the microphone as well as the phonograph. A man who has lately invented an instrument known as the telescopophone might rest on his laurels.

Mr. Henry James Junior's friends, who are many, must have been amused by a paragraph in a contemporary, which observes that he "may or may not be a real person" who is "wasting observation of the keenest kind on a story" which might "have been developed into something charming." It is humorous enough never to have heard of 'The American,' but it is still more humorous not to perceive that the present story is not yet finished.

*Queen's Evidence*, produced at the Princess's last Saturday, is indeed a change from *Elfinella*, but it would be unfair to expect a manager to encourage poetry on the stage when the public will not second his efforts. It would, indeed, be as unprofitable an experiment for the public as for him. If the public demand coarse excitement, and will pay for nothing else, the manager has no alternative but to supply it. *Queen's Evidence* which has already been played with success in the East-end, and on the south side of the Thames, is a melodrama full of the most thrilling situations, tacked together without much regard to probability either in sequence or in fact, but individually moving and effective to the last degree. It is capitally acted at the Princess's, Miss Litton winning strong sympathy as the much-tried heroine, and Mr. Harry Jackson representing a laughable Hebrew ruffian of the ordinary stage-type with a thorough knowledge of all the broad artifices of the stage, and not without some delicate touches which show a real talent for character-acting.

One wonders how the absurd rumour can have originated that the Marquis of Lorne is the author of *Elfinella*. At first, the author was said to be Mr. Walter Pollock, and a very pretty piece of confusion was made by mixing him up with his brother, Mr. Frederick Pollock. Mr. Pollock, it was said, not content with writing on Spinoza and the law of Real Property, contributing French verses to *Temple Bar*, and parodying contemporary poets as "an Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn," could not rest till he should have a play "damn'd." *Elfinella* has not been "damn'd," though its run has not been long on the stage; but, apart from that, "Ross Neil" is neither Mr. Walter Pollock nor the Marquis of Lorne, but the *nom de plume* of a lady who apparently wishes to remain anonymous.

A concert will be given next Tuesday in the studio of Mr. Felix Moscheles, Cadogan Gardens, in aid of the Chelsea Victoria Hospital for children. The charity is one of the most deserving in London, and, as Mr. Henry Irving will give a recitation, and among the vocalists who have promised their assistance are Mdlles. Redeker, Friedländer, and Gaetano, subscribers may pay a guinea for their ticket with the certainty of having an additional reward to the consciousness of a benevolent action.

*Paul et Virginie* is to be produced next year in America with Mme. Marie Roze as Virginie. It is said that Signor Frapolli is to be the Paul.

One would like to hear more of the "air ship" which is reported in the *New York Herald* to have been successfully worked at Hartford. If the reporter has not been drawing on his imagination, it would seem that the ambition to fly, which has led to many ludicrous and many horrible catastrophes, has at last been attained. "The machine not only rose in the air, but moved backward and forward, up and down, at the option of the aeronaut, and, although embracing in part the balloon principle, the evolutions were accomplished without waste of gas in descending or any use of ballast whatever. The aeronaut worked the central propeller of the machine with effect, and rose over every obstacle to the height of 100 feet. The breeze was blowing to the eastward, and the exhibitor allowed his machine to be carried with it for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame-work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still, its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but, at a signal from Professor Richtels the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with acclerated motion the air ship sailed along back, at an altitude of 100 feet, until it hovered over the exhibition grounds; then, amid general applause, the central propeller was set in motion, and under its influence the ship sank slowly and easily to the earth, landing within half-a-dozen rods from the original starting-point.

Some interesting experiments to demonstrate the non-poisonous character of copper have been made in Paris by Dr. Galippe. In order to prove his belief in the harmlessness of copper com-

pounds, he did not limit his experiments to the bodies of the lower animals, but tried them upon himself and a select number of disciples. For many months past he has made it a habit to eat food prepared in vinegar and left for twenty-four hours in copper vessels, mixing up the verdigris that made its appearance with the food. As he and those of his friends who took part in these festivities have suffered no evil effects from their strange diet, Dr. Galippe claims to have disproved the calumny hitherto cast upon salts of copper.

On the occasion of the National *fête* at Paris the *Cloches de Corneville*, which is now playing at the Folie-Dramatiques, will, it is said, begin at midnight, in order to allow those who act in it to take part in the festivities of the occasion. This will probably be the latest instance of a dramatic performance on record. Perhaps, however, our theatres, which have been gradually growing later and later for the last few years, may adopt the innovation, and going to the play at midnight may become one of the characteristics of London in the end of the nineteenth century.

Jules Verne's famous tour round the world in eighty days has been not only rivalled but outdone by an American traveller, who has succeeded in accomplishing the feat in seventy-six days.

A Savannah paper has adopted a novel method of ascertaining what kind of wives young ladies are likely to become, a method which might be described as trial by music. It assures the young man about to marry that he should choose a wife by the music she especially prefers, and the way she plays it; that the girl who plays Strauss is frivolous; Beethoven, impractical; Liszt, ambitious; Verdi, sentimental; Offenbach, giddy; Gounod, lackadaisical; Gottschalk, superficial; Mozart, prudish; Flotow, commonplace; and Wagner, idiotic. It concludes by strongly advising aspiring youth to pin its faith upon the calico dress of the girl who can play "Home, Sweet Home."

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

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CONTENTS OF No. 3,673, JUNE 22, 1878.

Notes and Comments.
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Patron: Her MAJESTY the QUEEN.
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